

# Sports Illustrated

MARCH 16, 1970 60 CENTS

## FOUR FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

JIMMY COLLINS



JOHN VASILEY



DAN ISSEL



BOB LANIER



Color prints of this masterpiece from the Wilkinson Sword Collection may be obtained through the other brand on the back of this Wilkinson Sword rim-edge package.

## There's 200 years of history in the world's newest, most comfortable blade.

### It makes a big difference.

For 200 years men have relied on the Wilkinson Sword name. It has always meant care and craftsmanship. Today, these qualities give you unmatched comfort in our newest razor blade. A stainless-steel blade with a pure chromium edge. A blade so perfectly crafted, we wrap each one. We call it simply... The Blade.

You can't get a more comfortable shave with any other blade in the world today.

**200 years give you the edge.**





# Hang-ups. For people who don't have any.

We made a stereo system with speakers so versatile, you may



get a little hung-up over where to put them. Because they not only can attach to your ceiling. Or to your walls. But they can stand on their own two feet.

And when we made the

speakers versatile, we didn't forget about the rest of the system. Like the 4-track cassette unit that plays pre-recorded cassettes. Or lets you record your own. In stereo.

Like the FM/AM and FM stereo tuner. With sliding controls. The kind the pros use.

We put other things into this system. An AFC control that keeps the FM from drifting. And FET to pull in distant stations—one at a time.

We built in a Stereo Eye that lights up to let you know when you're listening to stereo. And a

sound monitoring system with two professional VU meters so you can hear what you're recording, while you're recording it.

And you'll be hearing it all through those chrome-faced globes that not only look slightly ahead of their time, but sound that way.

The RS-252S is all Solid State. And comes with a microphone, mike stand and pre-recorded cassette. Also jacks for a phono and headset.

There's only one place to get hung-up on it. At a dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line.



**PANASONIC.**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

# The Tranquilizers

**New MacGregor TEE-SOLE Woods take the terror out of fairway wood shots.**

**New SPLIT/LEVEL SOLE Irons improve your lie on every shot.**

**Reach more greens in regulation.**

Turf drag on fairway shots robs you of club head speed and accuracy. So MacGregor made the sole of the new TEE-SOLE wood smaller to reduce drag.



(The face area and head weight have not been changed.) Now you can get into and through the ball, squarely, solidly and powerfully for a clean fairway shot. It's almost like hitting from a tee (that's why we call it TEE-SOLE)

## New SPLIT/LEVEL SOLE Irons

MacGregor SPLIT/LEVEL SOLE irons improve your lie on every shot. The thin front level cuts through the grass and reduces turf drag. The back level controls divot depth.



Ask your pro to show you a set of the new MacGregor MT TEE-SOLE woods and SPLIT/LEVEL SOLE irons. Try them—you'll find they improve your lie on every shot.

MacGregor clubs are available in steel, aluminum or the new Tourney Lite shaft.



Play the ball that the winners play. The new MacGregor Tourney. Available in three compressions (1, 2 and 3) to match the shaft flex of your club. Write today for full color folder on MacGregor golf equipment.

**MacGregor**  
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

CONSUMER DIV. • BRUNSWICK CORP. • DEPT. 5302  
175 AT JIMSON ROAD • CINCINNATI, OHIO 45216



Available at your golf professional's shop only.

# Contents

MARCH 16, 1970 Volume 32, No. 11

## 16 Eagle on a Wild, Wet Flight

Ted Turner's "American Eagle" scored an upset victory over one of the fastest sailing fleets ever assembled

## 20 The Team That Eats Managers

Boston is working on its fifth leader in a decade. Eddie Koska's survival may depend on his relation to Yaw

## 22 Time for the Mighty Scramble

UCLA is favored to win college basketball's national championship, but there is plenty of room for an upset

## 28 Bad Show Out in the Cold Snow

Snowmobiles are fun, but they also are ear-shattering and upsetting to the ecology. It is time for controls

## 36 Girls from the Mountain Next Door

Inside every girl ski racer there holes a fastwoman who can change quickly into her poor-little-me disguise

## 50 Love-in at a Natatorium

A red-haired coach named Redfish has engineered a great new swimming pool—and a great new sport—at Utah U.

## 58 A Man of Arts and Letters

Past Mellow's horses have won him fame, his book, and art collections have made sporting history

## The departments

- |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 9 Scorecard       | 55 Horse Racing   |
| 42 Pro Basketball | 56 Hockey         |
| 48 Fishing        | 73 For the Record |
| 50 Swimming       | 74 19th Hole      |

16

20

22

28

36

50

58

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year end by Time Inc., 541 North Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office. Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, James B. Shanley, President, Richard B. McKinnon, Treasurer, John P. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$10.00 a year; outside postal zones \$12.00 a year, all others \$14.00 a year.

Credits on page 73

## Next week

AN EXPENSIVE ENIGMA, the St. Louis Cardinals are baseball's most charged team. William Leggett explores the ways of a franchise strangled enough to take a dive on Richie Allen.

GOING FOR FOUR, the first wide-open NCAA basketball tourney in years decides its semifinalists in regional battles across the land. Carry Kirkpatrick describes the action.

SPARRING PARTNERS like Danny Andrews only get paid when they work with a name fighter; even then the pay is low. And Danny is good at his trade. He makes you think.

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



OLSEN SUITED UP FOR SNOWMOBILING

With the publication this week of the case against snowmobiles (page 28), our editors are bracing themselves for an avalanche of dear-sir-you-can letters from snowmobile fanatics. It seems likely that a number of these darts will begin with a line to this effect: "What do you effete Easterners know about snowmobiles?" Let me hasten to say right now, therefore, that Jack Olsen, who wrote the article, is neither effete nor an Easterner. He lives atop 9,000 feet of mountain in Colorado and sheds snow out of his driveway eight months of the year. Among his hobbies are mountain climbing, snowshoeing and snowmobiling, and he yields to no man in his appreciation of the joys of the high country.

"Four years ago I acquired my first snowmobile," Olsen says. "and I went so berserk over it that I wore it out in two seasons. Then I bought a more powerful one and found that I could roam all over the mountains. It was only after I had a few mishaps that I began to wonder if I should roam all over the mountains."

Driving his snowmobile down a mountain slope at about 20 mph, Ol-

sen came to a drift that didn't look like a drift, and at the end of a violent snap roll found that several ligaments in his knee had become undone. The result was two months of crutching and limping and complaining, not three of Olsen's favorite sports. The next year he was snowmobiling along at closer to 40 mph when one of the skis of the vehicle picked up the top strand of a hidden barbed-wire fence and sent our motorized mountaineer flying 30 feet through the air into a snowbank.

"In researching the case against snowmobiles," he says, "I learned of similar barbed-wire accidents in which people were killed. I was lucky to have landed in a snowbank. Once I hit a concealed rock while driving my 9-year-old daughter Barrie around, I was unhurt, Barrie got a bump on a knot on her forehead. Not long afterward my pal Sheriff Charles Smith cracked several of his ribs on a snowmobile, and at that point I decided to back off and take a serious look at the snowmobile as menace. I'm glad I did. I still agree with those who think it's a marvelous sport and the machine is a marvelous invention, but I also agree with that organization up in Ontario that said snowmobiling might be the most dangerous recreational activity going."

Well, then, has Olsen quit snowmobiling? "Hell, no," he says, "any more than I've quit driving cars because thousands die on highways. But I've learned to cool it a little, and when the time comes to curtail some of the wilder-eyed snowmobilers in our mountains, I'll be on the side of the curtailers, if I live."

When last we checked, Olsen was still living, and still snowmobiling, though at a somewhat lower pitch. The life he saved may have been his own.

*Dick Munro*

## Sports Illustrated

Founder: Horace H. Loomis (1893-1951)

Editor-in-Chief: Don Peters

Chairman of the Board: Arthur Hays Sulzberger

President: Louis H. Brown

Chairman, Executive Committee: James H. McGraw

Sports Staff Editor: Irving

Vice Chairman: Roy L. Hunt

Managing Editor: Arthur Hays Sulzberger

Executive Editor: Roy L. Hunt

Associate Managing Editor: John J. Frawley

Art Director: Walter D'Arcy

Senior Editors: Dick D'Arcy, William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Mark F. Winkler, Robert J. M. Smith, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

Robert J. M. Smith, Jr., William F. Ryan, Jr.,

# THE INCREDIBLE AFTER-SHAVE THAT CONQUERED THE WORLD.



You want to believe the history books?  
Or us.

The books say Rome conquered the world with pitched battles and clashing swords.

We say they did it with Bacchus.

Bacchus, a remarkable after-shave that had the power to render men irresistible to women.

Taking a tip from the legend of the Trojan horse, the Romans left huge bottles of Bacchus outside their enemies' gates. At dawn the town's defenders would drag the bottles

inside their battlements and douse themselves with its contents. Within minutes, their womenfolk would pick up the scent. And soon, the city would be left undefended as the men found themselves with something better to do with their time than fight. At that moment, the Romans would march in and take over. And that, we insist, is how the Romans conquered the world.

If you don't believe us and if you doubt the authenticity of ancient frescoes reproduced above, splash a little Bacchus on yourself. Then go out and conquer your own empire.

# BACCHUS

After-shave.  
**THE CONQUEROR.**





# One man. One night. One thousand theatres.

He had a dream.

But he was no dreamer. He moved. Where no man had moved before. He had a courage that men dream about.

He had a wife. Children. He was warm. When he smiled it was ear to ear. Like when he listened to Mahalia sing "Jericho." If he had run for president, it would have been interesting.

But he didn't want to be president. He wanted to be free.

Let my people go.

One night in Tennessee, it ended for Martin Luther King. Everybody looked around and said, "When will there be another like him?"

Perhaps never. Martin Luther King was an original. On March 24th at 8 P.M., in 1000 theatres across the country, a movie about this incredible man will be shown.

Tickets are \$5.00, and all the money goes to the Martin Luther King, Jr. Special Fund for the war against poverty, illiteracy, and social injustice. All the money. With no deductions for any kind of expenses. You pay \$5.00—\$5.00 goes to the Fund. This is the only time the movie will be seen theatrically. It is a film of power, impact, warmth, emotion. Like the man himself. You will never forget it. Because it is something more than a movie. It is an experience. Since it is only for one night, you should act quickly in purchasing your tickets at the box office of a theatre near you. And join with millions of people across the country to "Say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

## KING

A FILMED RECORD,  
MONTGOMERY TO MEMPHIS

Tuesday Evening, March 24th at 8 pm. Check newspapers for the theatre nearest you.





# "Max, why do you think National gives S&H Green Stamps?"

Max, our National Car Rental computer, is a real ladies' man. They love him because he sees to it that they get a gift of S&H Green Stamps every time the man of the house comes home from a business trip.

But businessmen like him for other reasons. He's why National is the only car rental company that can *guarantee* car reservations.

Wherever you are, when you dial National's toll-free number (800-328-4567), we just ask Max if there'll be a car waiting for you. Max knows, at the instant you call, what cars are available at every one of National's 2400 world-wide\* locations. It's that simple.

Besides guaranteeing reservations, Max keeps up on what people like. That's why National features new Chevs, Pontiacs, Buicks, Oldsmobiles, Cadillacs and other fine cars. If you like S&H Green Stamps and good service, give Max your stamp of approval. Only Max can guarantee car reservations, and only National Car Rental has Max. Let Max do it.

\*Holds Rent-A-Car in Canada

**NATIONAL  
CAR RENTAL**



'CAUSE THERE'S A  
WOMAN BEHIND EVERY GREAT  
TRAVELING MAN.



We make the customer No. 1

© Nat-Car Rent-Co 1970

# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

## THE COMMISSIONER'S JOB

Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's findings in the Denny McLain gambling affair may not be delayed much longer, but no one should complain that they have been slow in coming. As the story in our Feb. 23 issue then revealed to him, the commissioner has a painful path of investigation to tread.

The commissioner must establish to his own satisfaction (and the task should not prove too difficult) whether or not the bookmaking operation with which McLain was involved ever handled bets on major league baseball or only on other sports. Legally, the point is irrelevant—but it is far from irrelevant to the commissioner.

Some persons, for varying reasons of their own, predict hopefully that Mr. Kuhn will come out with a massive denial of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* story. Such a development is to be discounted. Our revelation that McLain was involved in a bookmaking business has been confirmed by the commissioner himself. Of course, it would be natural for baseball's Establishment to resent the McLain disclosures—life would have been so much more comfortable if they had never been made.

Commissioner Kuhn is more realistic. Unlike his predecessor, Kuhn knows his job. His job is to put baseball's house in order.

## TOE OF GOLD

Zenon Andrusyshyn, a ninth-round draft choice of the Dallas Cowboys, is a Canadian who went to UCLA on a track scholarship (he is, or was, an outstanding javelin thrower) and turned to football after coaches there saw him kicking soccer-style. He subsequently broke most UCLA kicking records and had two 52-yard field goals, something to open any pro team's eyes. Now he has put his contract negotiations with the Cowboys in the hands of Boston attorney Bob Woolf, who represents Ken Harrelson, Derek Sanderson and other professional ath-

letes. Woolf says he had never heard of Zenon before the kicker phoned him last week, and he admitted, in all candor, that he did not understand what a ninth-round draft choice expected to get in the way of a contract. Turns out, according to the publicity-wise Andrusyshyn, who is growing a beard for a role in a movie, that he is not looking for a Joe Namath-big money contract. All he wants is a written guarantee that in professional football he will be allowed to kick with his golden shoe. "They wouldn't let me use it in college," he complains, "but if Namath can wear white shoes, what's wrong with me kicking with my golden shoe?"

Woolf pondered, "I wonder if perhaps Zenon's future might be in acting. However, he is quite a kicker, and I find him a refreshing young man. Since he came all this way to Boston, the least we can do is try to get him the best possible deal."

## CREEK

We take you now to the ski-lift line at chilly Sugarloaf Mountain in Maine. Enter bright young man who peers intently at the skier in front of him, leans over and whispers, "Excuse me, sir, but it looks like you have a little frostbite starting there on your cheek." The victim cuts out of line and heads hurriedly for the lodge. Young man picks out a few more for the same message, same result. Finally he is complimented on his concern for his fellow skiers and asked about his uncanny ability to spot frostbite in its formative stage. "Frostbite?" the lad says, lifting an urbane eyebrow. "What I am really doing is thinning out this long lift line."

## ALMOST PERFECT

Lots of schools have losing streaks, but little McNicholas High of the powerful Greater Cincinnati League has something special. Last fall its football team played 10 games, lost all 10 and was shut out in all 10. This winter its bas-

ketball team played 18 regular season games and, while it never came close to being shut out (that would have been a bit too much), it did lose all 18 and by an average of almost 19 points a game.

McNicholas, which is dropping out of the Greater Cincinnati League next year, finally ended its losing run by winning the first game it played in a post-season tournament. The next time out it reverted to form, lost again and was eliminated, which brings us to the big question of the week: How does a team with an 0-18 record get into a post-season tournament in the first place?

## STOOP TO CONQUER

An Englishman named Paul Trevillion, a 33-year-old golfer with a 24 handicap, claims that with his new method of putting—crouching over with his hands apart on the shaft, the right hand only a few inches above the club head and the forefinger pointing down the back of the shaft—he can output any other golfer in the world. "Since I began using this grip three years ago," he says, "I haven't



missed a putt of four feet or less. It makes putting so easy it's ridiculous."

Maybe so, but Dr. William Elkin, Britain's Ryder Cup team doctor, cautions that Trevillion's method could be dangerous for older, out-of-shape golfers, since it increases the risk of cramps, back strain and other muscular injuries. "I wouldn't recommend it even if it does improve one's putting," commented Dr. Elkin. "It's more important to be fit. If golfers kept themselves fit, they'd be better players in every way. There is no magic answer to this game."

continued

Now, a new way to get

# stereo tape cartridges



And if you do not own a cartridge player, we will give you this 8-Track Tape Cartridge Player

for only **\$14.95** plus mailing and handling



**FEATURES** • Plug-in through your home stereo record system... no special installation, plug right into your amplifier or stereo components • Push-Button Power-Off... shuts off from one pressing to another with the touch of your finger • Completely automatic correction • Rich warmest sound... compact size

With this beautiful, compact, top-performing Player, you'll be able to add the convenience and full stereo sound of 8-track cartridges to your present stereo record system! Our regularly offered price for the Player is \$69.95, yet you may have it for only \$14.95, when you purchase your first three tapes for only \$1.00, and then agree to purchase as few as twelve additional tapes during the coming year. See full details on membership at right—and note that, if you wish, you may charge the Player and your first three cartridges (plus mailing and handling charges) to one of six different charge plans.

# at great savings!

As your introduction,  
choose

# ANY 3 8-TRACK CARTRIDGES \$1.00

FOR  
ONLY plus mailing  
and handling

If you join now, and agree to buy  
as few as four additional cartridges  
during the coming year, from the  
more than 500 in the offering



**THAT'S RIGHT!** You may have any 3 of the best-selling 8-track cartridges shown here—ALL 3 for only \$1.00! That's the fabulous bargain the Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service is offering new members who join and agree to purchase as few as four additional selections in the coming year.

As a member you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Service's buying guide. Each issue contains scores of different cartridges to choose from—the best-sellers from over 50 different labels!

If you want only the regular selection of your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered... or take no cartridge at all... just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more, from time to time the Service will offer some special cartridges which you may reject by re-

turning the special dated form provided... or accept by doing nothing. The choice is always up to you!

**YOUR OWN CHARGE ACCOUNT!** Upon enrollment, the Service will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your cartridges only after you've received them—and are enjoying them. They will be mailed and billed to you at the regular Service price of \$5.98 (some special cartridges somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

**YOU GET FREE CARTRIDGES!** Once you've completed your enrollment agreement, you'll get a cartridge of your choice FREE for every two cartridges you buy! That's like getting a 33 1/3% discount on all the 8-track cartridges you buy... for as long as you want!

**START ENJOYING all the advantages of membership.** Mail coupon today!

## COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE SERVICE

Terra Haute, Indiana 47805

### JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

#### COLUMBIA STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE SERVICE Terra Haute, Indiana 47805

Please enroll me as a member of the Service. I've indicated below the three cartridges I wish to receive for \$1.00, plus mailing and handling. I agree to purchase four more selections during the coming year at the regular Service price, under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I will cancel my membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I am to receive an 8-track cartridge of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

**SEND ME THESE 3 CARTRIDGES (fill in numbers below)**

854-2/4F

My main musical interest is (check one box only):

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Country

Mr. Mrs. Miss (Please print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check here if, in addition, you want to receive the Columbia 8-Track Tape Cartridge Player for only \$14.95. Follow your check or money order as full payment. (Complete satisfaction is guaranteed or your money will be refunded in full.) You'll be billed \$1.00 for your first three cartridges (plus a mailing and handling charge for the Player and your first three cartridges), and you must agree to purchase as few as twelve additional cartridges during the coming year at the regular Service price. (Be sure to indicate in the box above the three cartridges you want.) If you wish to charge your Player, your first three cartridges (plus mail and handling) to a credit card, check one and fill in your account number and card's expiration date below:

☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge  
☐ Midwest Bank Card ☐ Visa Card ☐ BankAmericard

Account Number \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ 854-3/5W 854-4/6W



Trevillion, needless to say, does not agree that his method might be harmful. "A golfer bends down at least 18 times to tee off, and that must put a strain on his back," he says and adds that a Scottish clubmaker is going to manufacture a special "pencil putter" for the new method. "If it is successful I could make \$120,000 in the first year. But I won't keep a penny of it. It will all go back into golf, to golfers under 25. I'll either put on a tournament for young golfers with decent prize money, or I'll use it to sponsor some young golfer on the professional tour in the U.S. or on the world tour."

#### DUFFY IN THE SPRING

The NCAA's decision to let college football teams schedule an 11th game, if they wish (the Big Ten has told its members to go ahead—except that the added game must be with another team in the conference), has some coaches and athletic directors up a tree. They welcome the idea of an extra game, but it is not a simple thing to schedule. With so many colleges hurting financially, the 11th game has to be worthwhile monetarily—with a big crowd and a big gate. But assuming you find an attractive opponent, when do you play the game? Colleges that end the season against a traditional rival are reluctant to tack on an anticlimactic aftermath. Open dates during the season are rare, and finding two schools with the same open date is all but impossible. Playing at the start of the season is not necessarily the answer, either, since many teams play their opener before the students arrive for the fall semester. An even earlier start makes a game financially hazardous.

Duffy Daugherty thinks he may have the answer. "Why not play that 11th game in the spring?" the Michigan State coach asks. "If we were to play then, don't you think we'd fill the stadium? I believe a spring game could draw capacity crowds."

There are difficulties, including NCAA regulations that strictly govern what a college football team can and cannot do in the spring. Bob Devaney of Nebraska pointed out that spring is when a coach wants to experiment in order to plan for the fall. Tulane Athletic Director Rix Yard asked Daugherty, "Suppose you played in April and lost? How would that affect your advance sale of season tickets?"

Duffy was undaunted. "Things like rules and the needs of spring practice can be worked out," he said. "As for advance sales, losing in the spring wouldn't hurt any more than if you lost your last game of the previous season."

Duffy's argument has a flaw. In the spring you use next fall's sophomores instead of last fall's seniors. If you lose your spring game, you go into the fall with an 0-1 record. And how is that nagging defeat going to affect your position in the weekly wire-service polls, the Dow-Jones of football coaches?

#### ONE FOR THE SENTINEL

Arnold Palmer recently bought a golf club in Orlando, Fla. When he shot a 64 near there last week at the Rio Pinar Country Club, to pace the field in the first round of the Florida Citrus tournament, the *Orlando Sentinel* ran a deadpan headline across the top of the front page that said: LOCAL BOY'S 64 LEADS AT RIO PINAR.

#### AND TWO

The *Sentinel* had a good week. The juxtaposition of the tournament, Doug Sanders' presence in it and the total eclipse of the sun led a staff artist to turn out a cartoon showing two golfers talking under a darkened sun, with one saying: "It was like this the last time I played with the Vice-President—all of a sudden everything went black."

#### DESTINY'S BASS

Five days before the fishing season began on Otay Lake, a reservoir in San Diego, a college student on his mid-semester break from San Diego State went fishing there anyway and pulled in a huge largemouth bass. After weighing and measuring it, and wrestling with his conscience for awhile, he returned to the lake and left the bass near a damkeeper's house with a note stuck in its mouth that said: "This fish deserves more recognition than I could give it. It was caught on a black worm (plastic). I pray that it falls into the right hands so that this fish and Otay Lake can get the recognition they deserve. It weighs at least 16 pounds, making it a new state record. I'm sorry I caught it. Please don't think too unjustly of me."

He phoned the damkeeper—at midnight—and without identifying himself told where the bass was. The fish was, indeed, a whopper. It was 25½ inches

long and weighed 15 pounds 7¾ ounces, more than three ounces better than the previous California record for largemouth bass. The damkeeper had the bass mounted for display.

The story received a great deal of publicity in local papers, and five days later the poacher, a 21-year-old biology major named John Halby, came forward and confessed. Several other people of the curious breed who like to claim public credit for crime had already pleaded guilty, but Halby's handwriting helped establish him as the real culprit. "I'm glad it's over," he said. "I haven't had a good night's sleep since it happened. I decided to turn myself in because other people were claiming the fish. I didn't want anybody else to have it. The fish is mine. I brought it out."

Authorities said they would not prosecute Halby, and Dr. Layne Longfellow, a local psychologist, approved, saying, "I would say the boy has a sense of destiny. He believes the fish is important to the state and to the people of California. He wants to share it with the world. That's why he didn't take it home and eat it."

#### THEY SAID IT

• Tug McGraw, New York Mets' pitcher and Marine Corps reservist, after Governor Claude Kirk of Florida, at an awards dinner, had denounced campus hecklers for their "disheveled filth and long hair" and praised the Mets ("look at their haircuts") as *America's Beautiful*: "You know, a lot of ballplayers would wear their hair long except it's not convenient; it gets in the way, with the cap and sweating so much. Just because we're the world champions and good baseball players doesn't mean we're better than people with long hair. I don't think people with long hair should be stereotyped as less American or less patriotic."

• Lord Rosebery, 88-year-old British horse owner, who broke four ribs in a fall at his home, when told at a dinner in his honor that the odds had been 100-8 against his being able to attend the affair: "I wish I had known."

• Bob Cousy, on why he returned to pro basketball to coach the Cincinnati Royals after his success as a college coach with Boston College: "I like the purity of the pros. They tell everybody that they want to win and make money, and that's what they do." **END**



# Great new way to break 100!

Several outboards deliver 100-plus horsepower including our own Sea-Horse 115. But before you decide on one — consider two — Twin Sea-Horse 60's.

The new 3-cylinder loop-charging 60 is the hottest news in outboards. Tomorrow's technology today. We added a third fuel intake (called a Power Port) to each cylinder along with revolutionary new "pressure-back" piston rings\*. Each cylinder also has its own carburetor. The new 60 also sports Power/Pulse solid state ignition, your choice of ten (seven standard and three optional) high performance props, and Johnson's exclusive Hydro-Electric power shifting, the ultimate in smooth, effortless boat control. Now take all that and double it.

Twin 60's produce a ferocious thrust. Undaunted by big

loads or big seas, teamed 60's get you planing fast. And when it comes to docking and maneuvering, the separate motors and controls provide extra finesse. You can pivot in places you can't turn. The two separate power plants also lessen the chance of some snafu cutting your trip short or delaying your return.

Power, finesse and offshore insurance. Three good reasons to consider two 60's. Try on a couple for size. They'll have you going like 120! Visit your dealer. Or write for a free catalog. Johnson Motors, Waukegan, Ill. 60085, Dept. S4-73.

\*pat. app. pend.

For 24 months after purchase Johnson Motors will replace or repair with out charge the nearest outboard any part of its manufacture which shows mechanical trouble to have failed in normal operation and due to faulty use, normal wear or workmanship.

**Johnson**  
is the way to go!

FIRST IN OUTFBOARD • By Outboard Marine Corporation

\$3,986.65.\*



**CHRYSLER**



**CHRYSLER**  
GROUP CORPORATION





# EAGLE ON A WILD, WET FLIGHT



At the helm of his "pretty baby," Ted Turner was a man of lyrical dedication and salty speech.

*Across wind-raked Southern waters 'American Eagle' scored a startling victory over the lordly 'Windward Passage' and a bristling armada, bringing glory to her fiery skipper and some painful joys to the author*

by HUGH D. WHALL

**N**OW that my arms have stopped trembling from the agony of cranking Ted Turner's accursed winches, I can begin to appreciate what he accomplished. With a hand-me-down 32-meter sloop designed for the yachtie America's Cup waters off Newport, this profane and passionate Georgian took on the queen of deep-sea racers, surely the fastest boat of her size the world has known, and beat her for the championship of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference. It was Turner, millionaire Atlantan, age 31, sailing *American Eagle* against Mark Johnson, millionaire vagabond, age 31, sailing *Windward Passage*, and I will not soon forget the spectacle of Turner capering at Nassau last week after the victory was won. "We deelmated 'em," he crowed. "We're just a bunch of Southern boys and we deelmated 'em."

Of her six SORC races, the one most critical to *Eagle*, and the one in which I was a member of Turner's crew, was a 184-mile overnighter from Miami across the Gulf Stream to Nassau. The graceful 67-foot sloop had won two previous races on corrected time but still trailed *Passage* in the overall standings. *Eagle* had to catch up now. To do so she needed wind from a favorable direction; from dead ahead, to be exact. *Passage* is all but unbeatable off the wind, *Eagle* a very swift bird chewing into it.

Off Miami's Government Cut was the most powerful ocean-racing fleet ever brought together in modern times—106 boats ranging in size from 30 feet to the 73 feet of *Pussu* and Huey Long's pocket battleship, *Ondine*. An easterly breeze of better than 20 knots put whale in Turner's smile; a long, profitable beat to Nassau was in prospect. Many boats already had reefs tucked in their mainsails. We followed suit.

Turner assembled his crew of 11 men and a girl (blonde  
continued)



Patsy Kennedy of Nassau, who can handle a boat more nimbly than most men and can cook, too) and put on his Mr. Hyde face. At sea Turner saves his kindly Dr. Jekyll moods for those rare occasions when no fault can be found anywhere. If *Eagle* should lose to *Passage*, said Turner, approximately, the sky would surely fall on every maladroitnesslinger among us.

The smaller boats started first, the big ones last. We in the big boats must have been a gorgeous sight as we marched up to the line. "At no time," said a *Passage* crewman afterward, "has anyone ever seen a big-boat class like this." Acres of sail crackled as the fleet eased or trimmed sheets to avoid being early or late across.

Turner got *Eagle* going with surgical precision, as apparently Johnson did also with *Passage*. Turner, a man who has sailed in more races in more countries than most skippers twice his age and had just returned from placing second in the 5.5-meter world championship in Australia, was in good voice, which is to say he was using language rated X for adult audiences only.

Aboard *Eagle* the mast jumped in its step as the reefed mainsail strained, and the first trickle of water sneaked through foul-weather gear to trace an icy course down one's back. Boots filled with water. A crust of salt began to form crescents around the eyes, which were reddening, and everybody's hair became saltily sticky.

Late afternoon brought a squall. Turner would have preferred to skirt around it, but as *Eagle* tacked the squall struck. Instantly the wind died way down. We were slating about helplessly, as was the nearby *Passage*. When the wind breezed up again Turner shouted, "Take up half an inch on the jib halyard!"

Night fell, and we pounded into darkened seas with the sails trimmed home and full of a high, hard wind. The lee rail was awash; now and then a crewman was swept dangerously off his feet. Wire sheets strained in tight leashes as hundreds of square feet of flukproof Dacron sail thrummed overhead. A broken sheet whipping across the deck was a murderous possibility. On *Eagle* we were to have four such accidents, but thankfully no beheadings, before the race was done.

Below decks conditions were not particularly comfortable. Although *Eagle's*

hull was secure, she was taking water from the deck where the mast passes through it. There was very little ventilation. In the stuffy, murky half-light, with the smell of bilge water everywhere, it did not take long for a ravenous hand, soaked to the bone and standing amid a heap of discarded slickers, to lose his appetite and reluctantly put Patsy Kennedy's sandwiches to one side.

Sleep was elusive. Coiled fetulike in a bunk, one strained to forget the constant pounding, the ceaseless noise. One second of peace would bring sleep, but who could find that second? Thank God for the wind, though; *Eagle* was in her element, enjoying her thrust to windward as much as we hoped *Passage*, invisible out there now, was not.

After midnight *Eagle* passed the first mark, Great Isaac Light. It was shortly after she rounded these rocks last year that her mast snapped when a running backstay block let go. This time she got by safely—although if she had had to tack the mast might have gone again. A crucial turnbuckle had vibrated loose. Someone spotted it, made a fix and we breathed more easily.

When dawn came we saw *Passage* up ahead and off to starboard. Turner believed he had been allowed to get too close. He was almost positive *Eagle* would win the race on handicap. But now he began to entertain a grander notion. If the wind held on and the crew up, it was conceivable that we could beat Mark Johnson boat for boat.

Stoked up by the insatiable Turner, we gave it a try. Through the morning we closed in on that great white cathedral of a yacht in our \$70,000 bargain basement beauty, the boat the skeptics said would never make an ocean racer. As the noon sun emblazoned the sea we were locked together as if in a match race around the America's Cup buoys off Bremen Reef. We sliced through cresting seas near Great Starup Cay in a delirium of hot pursuit.

Sheets hummed, winches whirred, Turner spat a stream of joyful profanity into the breeze. One more tack and we were going to be close to *Passage*, maybe close enough to be rammed if neither boat gave way. In the mood of the moment it seemed likely that neither boat bloody well would give way. Turner peered beneath his taut mainsail to gauge the distance between the boats. We were on starboard tack, *Passage* on port tack,

and thus under the hallowed rules of racing we had right of way.

But on came *Passage*, a vision of power, white water at her bow. "You can't make it," screamed Turner to his great friend and great foe, Johnson. There was no response from *Passage*. Turner belated another warning. Still Johnson made no move. Obviously this had become a matter of pride. *Passage* would not consent to be demeaned by a re-vamped America's Cup reject like *Eagle*. Stretched out high on her steeply angled, spray-drenched deck, most of us in the crew could not see *Passage* because our sails blocked the view, but we could hear her only too well as her bow wave slurred nearer.

And then it was all over. *Passage* skimmed past by a chillingly narrow gap of rough water. One *Eagle* hand estimated its width at no more than 30 feet. "Thirty feet!" scornfully commented a member of *Passage's* crew afterward. "It was more like seven."

A couple of tacks later we caught *Passage* and moved out ahead of her, at which point Johnson wisely abandoned the tacking duel and went off looking for a more favorable reaching slant to Nassau. With her sheets eased she simply shot away. The sight of his quarry eluding him caused Turner intense pain. He appealed out loud to the saints of sailing: "What would Manfred Curry do now? What would Bus Mosbacher do? I know what God would do. He would strike that bug ark with his staff and turn her into a snake."

Limited in his choice of weapons to striking *Passage* only with his mouth, which was sulfurous, Turner kept *Eagle* on her best point of sailing, hard on the wind, and ultimately sprinted to the finish line only 14 minutes after *Windward Passage*. *Eagle* was the comfortable fleet winner on corrected time and now was nose to nose with *Passage* in the overall standings, trailing her by a mere half a point. One race remained: a 31-mile jaunt from Nassau out to Boo-by Rocks and back on Friday. Turner prayed for his kind of wind. Given a beat on one leg, he would be tough. Faced with a reach out and back, he would be at *Passage's* mercy.

But most of us were not yet really prepared to digest what was happening. Perhaps we were looking over our shoulders for another boat. Where was *Osborne*? The big-boat bash of the SORC

was not supposed to be *Windward Passage* against *Eagle* but against *Onslow*. *Passage* had been built expressly by Mark Johnson's father, the late Robert Johnson, to beat Huey Long's much-traveled *Onslow* at her own game: be first to finish and never mind handicap ratings.

Though these biggest of all ocean racers have a common philosophy, a ketch rig and nearly identical lengths, actually they are as different in looks as they are in temperament. For example, *Onslow* is much heavier than *Passage*. She is built of aluminum and is comparatively opulent below. Fear has entered more than one sailor's heart because of her bullying ways in heavy weather. At times she controls the crew. Her clouds of sail are trimmed by custom-made coffee-grinder winches that are said to have cost \$70,000—the second-hand worth of the whole of *Eagle*. Practically every ocean of the world has seen this restless ketch since her launching in 1968. Indeed, after a crossing from England she made the SORC's earlier Fort Lauderdale race with only an hour to spare—but not once in the SORC series did she whip *Passage*, boat-for-boat.

By contrast, everything about the Alan Gurney-designed *Passage* is graceful and airy. She is a sort of a superhormoned sailing dinghy. In an age of advanced structural materials, she has a hull of wood, the stuff Noah used. Although she has a beam of 19 feet—which makes her nearly as wide as some of the little Class D racers are long—she weighs 20 tons less than *Onslow*. This makes her much easier to handle, although a crewman says it takes six apes and a bunch of bananas on her stern deck to work the Genoa winches right.

Impious to the last, Ted Turner asked, "Why does anyone want to sail those heavy old clunkers when you can have a pretty baby like *Eagle*?" Baby flew for Ted once more in the Nassau Cup finale. On a sun-washed day with a 15-knot breeze, *Passage* reeled out smartly to the turning mark, but on the beat home *Eagle* overhauled her and finished third in the fleet, first on corrected time and first in the whole bloody SORC.

I believe Turner meant "annihilated" when he said he decimated 'em, but I intend to lay me down awhile and rest my arms and shoulders and ears before consulting the dictionary.

END



Flying on immense spread of sail, "Passage" is a vision of power in her losing fight.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN C. ZIMMERMAN

# THE TEAM THAT EATS MANAGERS

*Baseball's highest-paid player, Carl Yastrzemski, has been the hope—and sometimes the despair—of four Boston managers. So far silent Eddie Kasko, the latest Red Sox pilot appears to have Yaz' O.K.* **by MARK MULVOY**

Here is a list of the items included in the survival kit recommended for Eddie Kasko, who this season will be the fifth new manager the Boston Red Sox have auditioned in the last 10 years as they search for the reincarnation of Casey Comie McGraw: one bottle of cola, to be given to his players when they want a drink after hours. One red tranquilizer pill to enable him to act hored in the dugout. One green pep pill to make him seem vigorous, same locale. One mental-telepathy machine, with which to maintain communications with his players at all times. Finally, one "Yaz Sar, That's My Baby" button to let everyone know that he is friendly with Carl Yastrzemski.

If managing the Red Sox sounds like a complicated project, it is. The reigning manager not only must be perceptive enough to recognize the frequent changes in front-office operational policy and adjust himself accordingly, he also must demonstrate that he is as bedazzled by the team's most luminous personality as his superiors seem to be. Managers who cannot handle this double dilemma do not survive long in Boston.

So far, the 30-year-old Yastrzemski, who will be baseball's highest-paid player (\$140,000) when he starts his 10th season next month, has outlasted four managers—Mike Higgins, Johnny Pesky, Billy Herman and Dick Williams. And as Yaz said last week during spring training at Winter Haven, Fla., "Every time the Red Sox changed managers, I got most of the blame for it."

It is easy to see why Yastrzemski has been the perfect target. He replaced Ted Williams in the Red Sox lineup, and that meant he also inherited Williams' critics. Like Williams, he could hit .321, win the batting championship and then listen to the boos as his detractors argued that he drove in only 68 runs and left the winning run at third base something like 16 times. Like Williams, Yaz has been the favorite player of Owner Tom Yawkey, who always has been star-

struck. And, despite his claims to the contrary, Yastrzemski has displayed tendencies to loaf when the cause is lost.

Frequently Yastrzemski's lapses led to verbal skirmishes with his managers, but except in the case of Pesky these were never directly responsible, as some have supposed, for the dismissal of his managers. Indeed, during Yastrzemski's nine years at Boston, management simply has not been able to define exactly what it expected from its leader down there on the field. So the managers played it by ear—and lost.

Yastrzemski's relationship with his older managers, Higgins and Herman, was more amicable than it was with the younger ones, Pesky and Dick Williams Higgins, who tried to manage a drink-

ing club rather than a baseball team and thought that curfew meant getting back to the hotel before dawn, coddled Yaz during his first two seasons in the major leagues. There was no pressure on Yastrzemski then—only the pressure he wanted to place on himself. Herman, a passive man with little imagination, played bridge with his young star on every Red Sox road trip.

A pair of young activists, Pesky and Dick Williams demanded more from Yastrzemski, and at times they got more. In 1963, Pesky's first year as manager, Yaz won his first batting championship. However, in 1964 he reported for spring training 25 pounds overweight and never trimmed down to proper size. He argued with Pesky all season over his ap-



*Convinced that conflicts are a thing of the past, Yaz concentrates on his own job—nothing.*



Newest man Kasko is quiet and easygoing.



Deceased Williams was tight-lipped driver.

parent indifference to his job and in the end Pesky was fired.

The Pesky-Yastrzemski days, however, were positively placid compared with the abrasiveness that punctuated the Duck Williams-Yaz era. "We were teammates in 1964," Yastrzemski said, "and I didn't like Williams then. He was sarcastic, too sarcastic, and full of innuendo. I remember going places around the city and having people tell me that Williams said I'd be a helluva player if I wanted to be."

Despite his apparent dislike for Williams, Yastrzemski played spectacularly for him in 1967 and carried the 100-to-1 shot Red Sox to the pennant. Along with the rest of the Red Sox, he slumped in 1968 but did win the batting championship again with .301. Last year Yastrzemski hit for power at the expense of his average but the Red Sox and Williams were out of their pennant race by late June. Still, if a manager's job was to attract large attendances (5.5 million in three years) and win more games than he lost, then Duck Williams was a success. Yaz' fortunes aside.

But suddenly the Red Sox fired him. Tom Yawkey attributed the release to a "lack of communication" between the manager and his players. In every baseball province this was taken to mean that Williams and Yastrzemski did not get along and in the end Yaz won out. In most regards that is true. But Williams had communications complications with many players on the team.

"He never sent me a card or a letter or even visited me when I was in the hos-

pital after getting hit by that pitch in 1967," said Outfielder Tony Conigliaro. The next year Conigliaro attempted a comeback but shortly before the start of the season he returned home, complaining that he could not see out of his left eye. "When I got home," he said, "one newspaper headline read WILLIAMS HURTS TONY'S TAIL. I didn't know he was an eye doctor, too."

Williams, always acerbic, used the press to get messages to his players. For instance, speaking to a group of writers one day, he said, "Talking to George Scott is like talking to a cement wall." Scott read this the next day and seethed. Yastrzemski did, too. "When George's friends read that remark," he said, "they must've thought he was a real stupid player. If Williams had done that to me I would have punched him in the mouth—or got whipped trying to."

During Williams' tenure his teams always played exciting baseball. Now some of the players say that the Red Sox had the talent all along, that they won the 1967 pennant because they wanted to win it for themselves, but it is an indisputable fact that the same talent lay dormant until Williams forced it to the surface. That did not save his job.

And so Eddie Kasko, like Williams only an average major league player at best, was hired as the new manager. Quiet and studious, Kasko looks more like the village librarian than a major league manager. His approach to problems is more tactful than Williams'. For instance, when Kasko spoke to Jim Lonborg last night about the length of

the pitcher's hair he did not say, "Cut it off." Instead he discussed Lonborg's career with him, mentioned that 1970 would be the most important year of his baseball life and that he should not leave himself open for discussion about subjects other than his pitching. Lonborg promptly had a hair or two cut off.

"Kasko," Yastrzemski says, "is a square guy. I remember him from 1966, when he was one of our utility infielders. He didn't go around buttering up any of the stars. He was strictly baseball. He never tried to make any extra money playing cards or anything like that. He was all business."

Yastrzemski has been all business this spring, too. Each day after the regular workout he goes to the batting cage and takes 200 swings with a heavy, leaded bat. "I think that swinging the leaded bat is right," he said, "but maybe I'm wearing myself out. I won't really know until August. If I'm weak, then it was wrong."

After a half-hour session in the batting cage one day Yaz stopped to assess his career. "I think people have expected too much from me," he said. "I can't hit like Ted Williams, but the people in Boston are used to that magic .335 or .340 every year—and they want me to give it to them just like Williams always did. I can't, but I stop more runners from scoring than Williams ever did."

Yastrzemski has matured in the last year or so. "He still is impatient at times," says Reggie Smith, the Red Sox centerfielder, "but we've learned how to handle him. Some people think he comes across as, you know, 'What can you do for Carl Yastrzemski?' He'll be sitting at his locker and he'll say, 'Let me have that towel.' Well, the damn towel is right there at his feet. So you tell him, 'Get it yourself.' And he'll reach down and get it. Yeah, he's different now than he used to be."

Smith went out to play in an intrasquad game. Someone hit a routine fly to right center field. He and Tony Conigliaro converged under the ball.

"I've got it," Smith yelled.

"I've got it," Conigliaro yelled.

"Tony, I've got it," yelled Smith.

"Reggie, take it," Conigliaro yelled. Smith caught the ball.

"There'll be no lack of communication around here this year," Conigliaro said.

Front office willing, of course. **END**

# TIME FOR THE MIGHTY SCRAMBLE

*A team with a big man in the middle may win the NCAA basketball championship, but if so it won't be UCLA. The Bruins, without Lew Alcindor, are favorites but they'll be looking up for the title—not down* **by JOE JARES**

Lew Alcindor's reign over college basketball ended last March with UCLA's third straight NCAA championship—and a big sigh of relief from everybody else. The man who had inspired the no-dunk rule, packed the Astrodome, boycotted the Olympics, demoralized every opponent and topped it off by knocking his own school finally was gone. Now there was going to be some fun, some healthy, eye-gouging, elbow-swinging fun. Maybe even a tumbleweed of a team from El Paso could win the whole laugh-in, as in 1966.

The hilarity, measured in terms of poked eyes and bruised knees—not to mention bruised egos—began last week. Some favorites lost their pose and flopped, some underdogs got injections of vitamin JC and won and suddenly there were 16 teams left with still plenty of running before any of them claimed the title. The whittling process the NCAA calls its regional tournaments—this year they are at Columbia, S.C., Columbus, Ohio, Lawrence, Kans. and Seattle—will have reduced the field to four by Saturday night. The finals are scheduled for next week in College Park, Md., and the hope of Jimmy Collins of New Mexico State, John Valley of UCLA, Dan Issel of Kentucky or Bob Lanier of St. Bonaventure (see *corr.*), to mention just a few, is that he and his teammates will be up there looking down at all the rest, the way Alcindor used to at the end of NCAA finals. The probability is that Valley will be the lucky man. UCLA should win—for the sixth time in seven years.

It is now clear that Alcindor's era was only an era within an era, John Wooden's. Coach Wooden remains supreme, quoting homilies and tongue-lashing a player or two when the need

arises. His teams won two NCAA championships before Alcindor enrolled, and this season, as usual, the Bruins are champions of the Pacific Eight. They have experience, quickness, discipline, a powerful and high-scoring front line and perhaps the most accurate-shooting pair of guards in the college game.

They have, however, better opposition than UCLA clubs of the past, and winning the NCAA this year will be no stroll through the park. Oregon and USC in UCLA's own league have proved the Bruins can be beaten, and the big man in the middle, the guy who can score 30 or 40 points, swat away shots and control the backboards, is on the other side this time—an Issel or a Lanier or an Artis Gilmore of Jacksonville.

Almost every year in the NCAA one underdog (Utah in 1966, Ohio State in '68, Drake last year) slips through a regional and into the final four. This time the field is so wide open that four or five, and maybe seven or eight, teams have legitimate shots at winning it all, and this is excluding perhaps the finest team in the East, South Carolina, a victim of the Atlantic Coast Conference's lucrative but thoroughly unnecessary three-day tournament to pick an NCAA representative. The No. 3-ranked Gamecocks, having beaten each of the other ACC teams twice in regular-season play, almost made it through this gauntlet of despised rivals—but not quite.

South Carolina survived a slowdown Thursday afternoon and beat Clemson 34-33. Afterward, the Gamecocks' superb guard, John Roche, was correct when he said, "We're the best team. If someone else wins, it's a fluke." In the second round South Carolina outfought Wake Forest 79-63, but with 10:55 to go the fluke occurred. Roche landed on

an opponent's foot and sprained his ankle. He was hampered in the slowdown finale the next night, and South Carolina lost in double overtime to North Carolina State, a team it had beaten the week before by 16 points. Thus, N.C. State moved into the regional against St. Bonaventure.

Poor South Carolina should have proceeded forthwith to the National Invitational Tournament, right? No, suh! Since it is the host school for the East Regional, it will not be allowed by the NCAA to compete in any rival event. The Gamecocks will stay home and sniff camellias.

St. Bonaventure, then, is the choice in the East. The Bonnies (23-1) beat Davidson 85-72 in a rugged first-round game Saturday. Lanier, likely to be the pros' first draft choice, was intimidating on defense, took 15 rebounds and scored 28 points. Davidson's excellent rebounding power was at least partially offset by the Bonnies' three black forecourt men, Lanier, Matt Gantt and Gregg Gary, all of whom could take up soaring—without gliders. They are known as the Soul Patrol.

Patrol Captain Lanier, at 6' 11" and 265 pounds, is as big as a house, but his legs are springy, his left-handed jump shot is soft and delicate and his disposition pleasant. His roommate, little Guard Billy Kalbaugh, enjoys telling stories about Buffalo Bob's put-ons and legendary big feet. Such as the time an airline stewardess said to Lanier,

"You must be a famous basketball player. Are you?"

*continued*

*NC State's Vance Winstford (34) triumphantly cut strings and team's wolf ate a gamecock after Ed Latta (30) stole final ACC game.*







# SCRAMBLE *continued*

"No, miss," said Lanier, "not basketball."

"Well, football," said the stewardess, "or fighting."

"You'd never guess," said Lanier. Then he stuck his size-19 shoes into the aisle and said, "I'm a soccer player."

The Soul Patrol will not be very popular when it meets N.C. State at Columbia, but the Bonnies should win. The last time N.C. State upset the regular-season ACC champ (1965), it was embarrassed in the East Regional by Princeton and Bill Bradley. The Wolfpack does have a big man, 6' 9" sophomore Paul Coder, but he appeared to be nervous in the ACC tourney and scored only eight points. Wait until he sees Lanier.

N.C. State has a fine player in 6' 6" Vann Williford, the only non-New Yorker on the all-ACC team and MVP in the tournament. Maybe the combination of "Moving Vann" and a slowdown could win against Lanier. More likely, the Bonnies will move into the regional finals against Villanova, the only team to beat them this year. Villanova (21-6) runs a crackling fast break, a radical departure from past Wildcat teams, but has retained Coach Jack Kraft's aggravating "ball defense" (a complicated zone). Howard Porter, a 6' 8" junior from Florida who has amazing agility for a big man and a nice jump shot, is the star, but all five starters run well and any one of them can score 20 or 25 points.

*A local boy on New Mexico State's team of New Yorkers, John Burgess pops over Rice.*

Before getting to St. Bonaventure, Villanova must play Niagara (21-5) and its little demon, Calvin Murphy. The Purple Eagles shocked everybody, including themselves, by upsetting Ivy champion Penn 79-69. Villanova has beaten Murphy-led teams four times in a row and should make it a fifth, but the Eagles did not expect to get this far anyway. Said Coach Frank Layden: "Before the season I'd have figured I was going to the NCAA to watch."

A Villanova-St. Bonaventure final would be almost a toss-up. The Wildcats won by just two points the last time, but the Bonnies, a team that lost only that game, should win.

Kentucky, champion of the Southeastern Conference for the 25th time and beaten just once, faces the roughest regional heat in the Midwest. UK probably will not make it. This is a different sort of Kentucky team. Normally, crusty Adolph Rupp subjugates his stars to his system, allowing them about as much autonomy as the Herefords on his Lexington farm. But this season he has let 6' 8½" Center Isell dominate the scene, and Isell, described by an Iowa scout as "the best post man I've seen this year," has become the most prolific scorer in the school's history. He shoots, rebounds, blocks shots and he has the aid of a strong, poised forward, Mike Pratt.

UK is matched against Notre Dame (21-6), a team it beat at Louisville 102-100 earlier in the season. The Irish have improved since then, mastering their double-stack offense that clogs up the middle and creates numerous shooting

*continued*





*Biggest men on biggest team, Jacksonville's Artie Gilmore stops for some sideline repair*

*Littlest big men in town, Niagara's Calvin Murphy maneuvers around Penn's Jim Wolf.*

*Sidney Wicks, UCLA's most intimidating defender, tries Lister-like stare on USC men.*





opportunities for junior Austin Carr. Carr either was given opportunities or created them himself in a qualifying game against Ohio U. Saturday. He scored 61 points, breaking Bradley's tournament record, and Notre Dame dumped the Mid-American champions 112-82.

Carr's record was the most noteworthy achievement of the busy weekend, a touch better than Wake Forest Coach Jack McCloskey's feat in the ACC tournament: he kicked a hole in the scorer's table without drawing a technical foul.

The UK-ND survivor must play the winner of the Jacksonville-Iowa game, probably Jacksonville (24-1), the tallest team in the country. The Dolphins made their very first NCAA tournament game an impressive one Saturday, murdering Western Kentucky 109-96. JU's 7' 2" Artis Gilmore, who is known as Batman, but with his beard looks more like Satan, scored 30 points, grabbed 19 rebounds and blocked nine shots. Western Kentucky's own 7-footer, Jim McDaniels, scored 29 points before fouling out when the game was long gone.

Jacksonville has much more than Gilmore. Wingman Rex Morgan, Robin to Artis' Batman, draws a lot of fouls with his twisty drives and feeds Gilmore well. Vaughn Wedekind, a 5' 10" outside shooter, makes it difficult to press the Dolphins because he handles the ball so well. And there is an excellent bench. "They can throw wave after wave of muscle and speed at you," said one awed observer of Western's massacre.

Iowa, only the third undefeated titleholder in recent Big Ten history, has no such bench or height, but it does have Coach Ralph Miller's pressure defense and a quick, clever passing game. The Hawkeyes' senior forward, John Johnson, has a jump shot with as much arc as a straight right cross, yet it goes in more often than not. Iowa has won 16 straight games, but the streak should end against JU, especially if one believes Dolphin Coach Joe Williams, decked out in a white double-breasted sport coat and a blood-red shirt.

"A lot of people tend to underrate us, then get a rude awakening when they find out we're really that tough," he said. If it does not get too cocky, the

*Houston's Poo Welch, who had much to do with Cougars' unexpected success this year, glides down court during win over Dayton.*

Jacksonville team will win the Midwest and face St. Bonaventure—Gilmore versus Lanier—in the semis at College Park. Awake, all you nonbelievers.

The choice in the Midwest is New Mexico State, which has size and strength inside with 6' 10" Sam Lacey and 6' 8" Jeff Smith, and three hot-shooting, flashy guards, Collins, Charley Criss and Milton (Roadrunner) Horne. Horne comes in off the bench and throws nifty passes, some of which land in the pep band's tuba. The Aggies' biggest asset, though, is the fact that, for the first time in three years, they do not have to play UCLA in the West Regional.

"We've got a better chance of getting up momentum now," said Collins. They started gathering it Saturday by blitzing Rice 101-77. Of course, little of this was accomplished with local talent. The basketball courts are not very fertile around Las Cruces. Coach Lou Henson has, in his first 12, six players from New York and another from Camden, N.J.—echoes of the University of Texas at El Paso team four years ago.

The Aggies move on to meet Kansas State, surprise of the Big Eight. State has gone far afield for talent, too—notably to Virginia for Jerry Venable and to Georgia for David Hall. The bench is good, but seldom has the team put 40 minutes of solid basketball together. Its biggest man is 6' 7" Bob Zender, and that is not big enough.

Drake, which meets Houston in the other Midwest bracket, is aided again by junior-college transfers, three of them new, and the tough defense taught by Coach Maury John. The team sometimes forgets to work together and there was a suspicion at the end of the Missouri Valley season that Cincinnati was the best club, but the other teams in the regional remember the Bulldogs' surprises last year and worry. Drake has good shooting, rebounding and depth.

Houston, which has no Elvin Hayes, earned the slot opposite Drake with a 71-64 victory Saturday over Dayton. The Cougars have a slick ball handler in Poo Welch and surprisingly play 6' 2" Ollie Taylor, another New Yorker, in the low post. ("He's been battling 6' 7's and 6' 9's all year and still averages 25 points a game," says Coach Guy Lewis.) Neither Houston nor Drake should be able to stop New Mexico State.

In Seattle everybody will be worried about the outside shooting of UCLA's

Henry Bibby and Vallye, but the scoring and board power of the Bruin front line is even more frightening. Scariest individual is Forward Sidney (never Sid) Wicks, who has the meanest glare since Sonny Liston. He is a quick junior who, says Wooden, "has as much physical ability as any man I've ever seen at his position."

He is the team comic and mimic, the fastest runner and the leading scorer and rebounder. "The best forward in college basketball," USC Coach Bob Boyd called him after Wicks led UCLA to a 91-78 win over the Trojans Saturday night. The night before USC had upset the Bruins 87-86 and it looked as though they were going to do it again until Wooden sat Wicks down beside him and proceeded to give him holy heck (Wooden never swears) for almost four minutes.

"It was a rather lengthy talk," said Wooden, "and when he went back out there he played a fantastic game." UCLA opens with Cal State Long Beach (23-3), which smashed Weber State on Saturday 92-73, using its customary fine shooting and stingy zone. Like Jacksonville, the 49ers are an excellent team playing in the NCAA for the first time. They have won 19 games in a row and that is where the fun should end against the vastly more experienced Bruins.

High-scoring, high-leaping Utah State, which beat UTEP to reach the Seattle regional, has two fine players in Marvin Roberts and Nate Williams. It must beat the West Coast Athletic Conference champ, either Pacific or Santa Clara, to get a crack at the UCLA-Long Beach winner. A Utah State-UCLA final would seem in order, and the Bruins have traditionally dominated the teams from over the mountains—all the way across, in fact.

Weber State's early defeat eliminated one of the more amazing possibilities in the tournament. Connoisseurs of collegiate nicknames were hoping that Weber, Kansas State, Kentucky and either Villanova or Davidson would be the four semifinalists, thus bringing to College Park the Wildcats, the Wildcats, the Wildcats and the Wildcats.

Oh, well, it should be wild enough for anybody's taste with Sidney Wicks glaring at the Soul Patrol in the finals, or maybe Batman and Robin trying to chase down elusive Roadrunner Horne. And South Carolina watching on television. **END**

Snowmobiles are great fun and they get you outdoors to winter's wonderlands. Snowmobiles also are ear-shattering, dangerous and damaging to the delicate balance of our ecology. There are good and there are bad snowmobilers—but in both cases it is time for some control

by JACK OLSEN

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Look watched apprehensively as a snowmobile snapped and started its way up the frozen Chandler River in Jonesboro, Me. The Looks knew that the river ice was thin in spots, nonexistent in others, and at the first faint sound of the vehicle's engine they had phoned around for help. Now, as the couple watched, the snowmobile reached a hole in the ice and disappeared. Rescuers worked for days and found nothing. Six weeks passed, and still nothing was found and no one was reported missing. Thus the booming winter sport of snowmobiling had its first mystery. Several weeks later it chalked up its first fatal head-on collision—snowmobile to snowmobile. It had long since registered its first snowmobile-auto deaths, its first mangled children, its first wholesale vandalisms on snowmobile-back, its first wild animals chased and hounded to death, its first rapes of the primeval wintry silence of the forest. The snowmobile was abroad in the wilds, and almost everywhere it went there was trouble.

As usual, Americans (and Canadians, too, for that matter) are acting on the familiar notion that anything worth doing is worth overdoing. Something like half a million snowmobiles will be sold this winter season, and more than one million are now on the trail. In snow-country states like Michigan and Wisconsin and Minnesota, it is all but impossible to escape the din of the snow vehicles on weekends, and grumbling *voyageurs* on skis and snowshoes must proceed at their own risk. So must birds and animals. In some places wildlife is proceeding due north, out of range of the snow vehicle, but also out of range of natural and familiar habitats. If the trend were carried to absurdity, game animals would congregate in a tight, quivering pack atop the North Pole. But snowmobiles would not be far behind. They can reach the North Pole, too, as the Plaisted Expedition of 1968 proved.

It will surprise no sincere student of the outdoors that another potentially beneficial and pleasurable invention is being used for the wrong reasons by the wrong people in the wrong places. Like

its fairweather cousin, the trail bike, the snowmobile can take people where people do not belong. But unlike the trail bike, the snowmobile knows hardly any limitations. The first three-inch snowfall of winter turns the whole countryside into a broad, navigable highway. At a time when everyone else is closest to immobility, the snowmobiler is at his most exhilaratingly free. And uninhibited. And dangerous. The first person he menaces is himself. Consider:

- The sports-loving wife of Quebec's minister of highways led her three children on a snowmobile safari. Under the wheels of a truck, she became Quebec's 32nd snowmobile death of this winter.
- Two snowmobilers were crushed by a freight train near Stratford, N.H. The pounding of their machines kept them from hearing the train; the camouflaging screen of snow thrown up by the snowmobiles obscured them from the engineer's sight.
- In Vermont a snowmobile snapped a chain across a trail. The chain whipped back and killed a snowmobiler following close behind.
- A middle-aged man drowned when his snowmobile went through the ice on Ripogenus Lake in Maine. Rescuers discovered that the speeding machine had traveled 1,000 feet on quarter-inch ice before breaking through.

In the early, primitive days of snowmobiling, such accidents were considered rare and freakish. Now they are considered common. So many snowmobilers have been getting themselves purged by locomotives that the Chicago and North Western Railway issued a statement reminding the public that "the snowmobiler invariably loses in the event of an accident. . . . The attractions of railroad property under a heavy coat of snow are illusory." So many snowmobilers have died in collisions with cars and trucks that most states have banned the snow vehicles from the public way, but snowmobilers manage to die anyway—crossing the roads, like chickens, to get to the other side.

John Marsh, Maine's Safety Coordinator for the Department of Inland Fisheries and Game, is one of the few state

## **BAD SHOW OUT IN THE COLD SNOW**

officials with any data or perspective on the problem. Snowmobiling, he says, is demonstrably more dangerous than hunting. "I put 200,000 hunters or so into the woods a year and have only 50 accidents," Marsh says. "Last season there were about 20,000 snowmobiles registered and we had more than 300 accidents." According to the Ontario Safety League, "Snowmobiling may have the highest fatality rate of any recreational activity in the world." The \$1.2 billion snowmobile industry is not oblivious to the problem. This year Bombardier (No. 1 in sales) will distribute more than 500,000 safety booklets, but one wishes that top snowmobile executives would stop making statements like this recent one: "When you think about the death rate, though, it's really not too bad. The industry is in its infancy and deaths are expected."

Certainly deaths must be expected, and every man should have the right to go to hell in his own fashion. But what about every man's child? In Palmer, Mass., 5-year-old Paul Thibodeau was thrown from a snowmobile and died of a fractured skull. Not far away, in Greenfield, Mass., 7-year-old Shawn O'Neill was caught in a whirling tread and crushed. A 10-year-old boy in Ashland, Wis., mangled his hand under a snowmobile and a 14-year-old boy in North Windham, Me., almost lost his right arm in a similar accident. Two Quebec teenagers, lulled into a false sense of distance by the ease of snowmobiling, strayed too far from civilization and froze to death in a blizzard. Despite these and similar incidents, there is hardly a state or province with restrictions on the age of snowmobilers. If a child can see over the windshield (or even if he cannot), he is eligible. When an 8-year-old boy broke his nose while running a snowmobile in Maine, his parents wrote on the official accident report: "Driving experience: two days." There are children as young as 4 and 5 chauffeuring snowmobiles, though the way accident

*continues*

**SAILING** through the air with the greatest of ease can be fancy. It also can be foolhardy.





Ted Williams says:

## "If you want better odds on catching fish, Sears new high speed reel is your baby."

"A lot of reels are just too slow on the pick up. A fish runs towards you. You can't get the slack in. He throws the hook—good-by fish."

That's why Sears and I wanted a spinning reel that retrieves faster.

And we worked out a way to get it: a new helical gear system. Just two main gears instead of 6 or 7. The fewer the gears, the more power.

But even more important was the way the gears were cut—with a higher ratio. So every turn of the crank, you pick up 30% more line than with ordinary reels.

Now you can make 30% more casts. Work a lure faster. And always keep a tight line on a fish.

It all pays off. I tested the reel. I had that lure in and back out faster than I ever could before. That extra speed gave me better control over the fish, too. The net of it: more fish. Believe me, this reel deserved my check mark.



Approved by Ted Williams  
Chairman, Sears Sports Advisory Staff

The Sears sports equipment that wears this check mark earns it the hard way. In actual use. Only Sears best carries this check mark.

Stop by a Sears Sports Center and check out this Model 420 high speed reel. Or you can see it and all the new tackle in Sears 1970 Fisherman's Catalog. For a free copy, write me: Ted Williams, c/o Sears, Roebuck and Co., Dept. 139-G6, 925 S. Homan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60607."

**Sears**  
**SPORTS CENTER**

where the new ideas are

### BAO SNOW

rates are increasing they probably will not be chauffeur-ing them long.

Clearly, a large part of the problem is power. When the first 7-hp snowmobiles made their appearance 11 years ago, they whisked their occupants over the snow at speeds below 30 mph. But the industry, taking its cue from Detroit, soon found itself in a merry old horsepower race. Ad copywriters went berserk. "... Designed for speed—plus," they wrote. "50-mph speed in flat country. . . ." "Speeds of 60 mph makes [sic] this the ideal sled for rugged country." "Our machine tore up the world's biggest tracks. . . ." Then we dropped that engine in a beautifully engineered snowmobile. Shazam! To support the ads, cold riders kept pushing the world's snowmobile speed record up and up. (It is now 114.5 mph, but an experimental model has gone 170 over a short course and its designer says the machine is capable of much more.)

The cliché advertisement became an airborne snowmobile, its goggled driver crouched over the windshield, his knees flexed and his clothes rippling. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police *Gazette* reported: "Unfortunately, no doubt due to the number of TV advertisements depicting stunt driving and jumping, many amateur drivers try to emulate these 'hell drivers' with the result that the average production-line machine, not equipped for such sport, ends up smashed and the driver seriously injured or killed."

The American Medical Association reported that jumping and other snowmobile lollygagging were prime causes of back injuries, some of the delayed-fuse variety. Drs. Stanley E. Chism and A. Bradley Soule wrote in the *AMA Journal*: "The majority of injuries result from the imprudent operation of the machine rather than from mechanical defects in it. Snowmobile advertisements often depict machine and operator flying through the air 10 to 12 feet above the ground. Such pictures probably stimulate sales but do not promote the rational use of the vehicles." All hail Enrapture, then. One of the company's magazine ads showed the inevitable flying snowmobiler, but added a warning: "Leave this to the pros—it's tricky." Tricky is an understatement. A snowmobile is not the most stable of vehicles when it is running on hard-packed snow. In the air it is a big, hot, aerophobic, 300-pound blob with a whirl-

ing underside of steel and hard-rubber cleats. In the air, one would be safer on a pterodactyl.

Most snowmobilers are personable and law-abiding, if sometimes overebullient, but any sport that emphasizes speed is bound to attract the wild ones, even as motorcycling and drag racing and surfing have had their troubles with boogaloo elements. On Michigan's Upper Peninsula the wintertime vandalizing of summer cabins became a major problem until police outfitted themselves with their own snowmobiles. In Colorado snowmobilers chugged up the eastern slope of the Continental Divide to see who could be first to strip a crashed airplane. In Anchorage a property owner was badly beaten when he tried to remove six snowmobilers from his land. In Quebec, two men robbed a bank of \$4,500 and made their escape, unchased, on snowmobiles. When James Pelrin of Revere, Mass. bought a snowmobile of his own and gaily rode out to his snow-bound summer cabin, he found four couples cooking steaks. They explained that they had been snowmobiling to his place for years. Along the canals that lace the Lake St. Clair area northeast of Detroit, children's hockey games were broken up by marauding gangs of snowmobilers, and nearby recreation areas reported that snowmobiling ruffians were chasing women and children off the slopes. The Kings Hill Ski Area in Montana roped off its runs, but the snow vehicles slashed through anyway. Snowmobiles have run down rows of freshly planted corn in west central Minnesota and destroyed the crop; they have ripped up the plastic pipes of a model maple-syrup farm in New England; they have torn down the blueberry bushes of commercial growers, and they have done thousands of dollars' worth of damage to the arbor vitae and Japanese maples of infuriated suburbanites.

These, of course, are the actions of an irresponsible few. In the long run, they may be of less consequence than the actions of responsible operators—those well-meaning souls who roar into the woods in winter for a single reason: because they love the outdoors and the animals and the snow; they may love them, in fact, to death. The first unnatural ingredient they add to the forest is noise—ear-splitting, pounding, reverberating noise. Defenders of the snow vehicles argue that they are no



**Come Saturday,  
this sporty new Gladiator  
becomes a backwoodsier.**



**'Jeep'  
The 2-Car  
Car.** 

This new 4-wheel drive 'Jeep' Gladiator is as smooth-riding as your family car. V-8. Power steering. Automatic transmission. All the options. And with its sleek lines, plush new interior and classy new grille, it's as stylish as your family car. Weekends, hook up your camper, even big cab-over rigs, and cut loose. You've got a big 132" wheelbase to carry the load. In confidence. See the new 'Jeep' Gladiator, a 2-Car Car. Just one in the world's first, finest and only complete 4-wheel drive family.



# Find yourself.

**LIVE OAK**  
You fancy yourself a swinger,  
but are really conservative  
and practical at heart.  
Apt to be fond of music.

**FINACHE**  
You're imaginative,  
moody. Love luxury.  
Tough on the outside, but  
really a softy inside.

**AROMATIC TABAC**  
You're courageous, ambitious.  
Always taking charge of things.  
Fresh and forceful.  
A nut about sports.

**MANZANILLA**  
You're friendly talkative.  
Have a lively wit.  
A ladies' man in the best  
sense of the word.

**RED CITRUS**  
You're talented,  
apologetic. Peace-loving.  
And put pleasure ahead  
of anything else.

**ORANGE SADDLE**  
You're idealistic,  
independent. Sophisticated.  
A born leader.

**GREEN MOSS**  
You're a charmer.  
Artistic. Like a tea and  
easy way of life.  
Sentimental,  
under a gruff exterior.

**CLEAR SPRUCE**  
You're creative,  
intellectual. Unpredictable.  
Love to shock.  
Fantastically enthusiastic.

Each Nine Flags cologne has as unique a personality as you have.  
In fact, there's probably one that fits you exactly.  
And if the cologne fits, wear it.

**Nine Flags® Shaving Colognes**

100% ALCOHOL, 4 OZ. FLASKS AND 1.7 OZ. SPRAY - 100% AROMATIZED

worse than the chain saw, which has become as common a sound in some deep forests as the jackhammer in the city. "But there's one difference," says Lloyd H. Clark, the former Maine game warden who now guides people on hunting trips. "The snowmobile doesn't stay in one place. When you come on any species of wildlife with the snowmobile, you'll find that species on the move, with a wild look of terror in his eyes." In Quebec the deer bag dropped from 12,400 in 1964 to 4,000 in 1969, noise pollution from snowmobiles was a major cause. Ontario tried to solve the problem by closing its deer season before the first snowfall this year.

"We just don't know how badly wildlife needs the dead silence of winter," says Montana conservationist George Ostrom. "and we may never find out. By the time studies are completed, the harm may already be done."

According to Allan Loughrey, deputy director of Canadian Wildlife "Most animals will accommodate to noise in one way or another. But not during breeding season. Particularly animals with high metabolic rates, like minks." Another Canadian Wildlife expert, Dr. Philip Corbet, says, "The hypothesis I am working on is that the irritation to animals is comparable to the irritation to humans. The radius of sound effect of snowmobile noise is about two miles, and that is considerable."

The sad paradox of the snowmobile's existence is that it reaches its peak of mobility at a time when other inhabitants of the forest—animals, birds, rangers, wardens—are at their least mobile and effective. Beaver trapping in Maine is reaching dangerous levels now that trappers can race from set to set on snowmobiles. Bobcats are being annihilated in certain areas by hunters who track them by snowmobile, then release dogs that have been towed along behind on sleds. In Wisconsin sheep have been stalked on frozen lakes to attract coyotes, which are then bounded to death by packs of snowmobilers. Until Minnesota expanded a model law prohibiting harassment of all animals by snowmobiles, some of its hunters used to enjoy ganging up on foxes and spinning them down from the backs of snowmobiles.

"The hunting was fun while it lasted," said Bob Allison, Minnesota Iwawt outfielder and once an ardent practitioner of the sport. Allison now snowmobiles

continues

Curlee's precisely calculated look achieves a longer, leaner silhouette. Warm brown stencil stripes underline the fashion impact of

olive gold.

About \$80\*

For name of dealer nearest you, write Curlee Clothing Co., St. Louis, Mo. 63101

**VERY  
CURRENT  
VERY  
CURLEE**



\*Slightly higher in the West.

The cost of a college education is up 70% since 1959.

## What! You still don't own any mutual funds?

Illustration © Copyright 1984 by  
1275 P. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

Illustration © Copyright 1984 by  
1275 P. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.



These attractively priced MURRAY RIDING MOWERS, the 32" 8 h.p. electric start Model (approx. \$699) and the 25" 5 h.p. Model (approx. \$299), and a full line of MURRAY WALKING MOWERS are available at leading stores throughout the country.

THE MURRAY OHIO MFG. CO., NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37204

### **BAD SNOW** continued

cross-country for fun instead of, as he once said, "sitting inside by the fire and watching television." Some other Minnesotans, also bored by the fire and the tube, spent their winters chasing moose and deer to exhaustion and death.

Wildlife experts are agreed that such practices cannot be extirpated by half-way measures. The mere presence of a snowmobile in the wildest parts of some forests is a hazard to wildlife, even if the driver of the vehicle is a little old lady from Dubuque with an advanced degree in bird watching and a tendency to bowl at movies like *Born Free*. "The wilderness species are sensitive to the intrusion of man, particularly in winter when the snowmobile revs up," says Stewart Brandborg, executive director of The Wilderness Society. "December through March are the hardest months on wildlife. They are faced with extremes of temperature, deep snow and minimum food and are generally in their weakest condition of the year. Any exertion, rush to run or fly, fear, excitement, hurts them—even kills them. . . . It's ironic that at a time when there's a growing interest in protecting the natural environment, there's also a growing interest in one of the greatest potentials for ruining it—the snowmobile."

The menace is both blatant and subtle. A well-mentioned snowmobiler packing down a trail in deep woods has no idea of the ecological destruction he may be wreaking. As Dr. Corbet explains, "Snow is an excellent insulator, a natural protection for mice and other small animals. But the snow must be thick enough, and it must not be packed. It ceases to insulate when packed. Snowmobile tracks are permanent barriers in the brush for animals under the snow." Far more than the fate of a few mice is involved. Naturalists recognize that the wilderness is all of a piece, and the death of mice can mean the death of elk and moose and bears. Tampering with the food chain can cause unforeseen results in any environment, wild or urban. In Alberta, Canada farmers have been complaining about the proliferation of grain-eating gophers and mice, and only recently has a correlation been established between the furry pestilence and snowmobiling. Farmers in the region have been whiling away the long winter days by running down and killing coyotes. So many hides have come on the market in Alberta that the price has dropped

from \$25 to \$55. Meanwhile, the rodents that make up the bulk of the coyotes' cuisine are cleaning up on the farmers' grain.

What is to be done? The recent International Snowmobile Congress in Duluth provided a start. Men of apparent goodwill grappled with such problems as designation of trails, registration, law enforcement and self-policing by snowmobile users. But the history of natural history shows that special-interest groups seldom succeed in policing themselves, as witness the lumber interests or the oilmen or the Danish salmon fishers. "For the snowmobile lout," conservationist Michael Nadel wrote in an editorial in *The Living Wilderness*, "only the hard hand of the law and outraged public opinion can make an impression." A few states, like Minnesota, have made a start by accepting the proposition that snowmobiles can be at least as toxic as DDT and by legislating accordingly. Other states are far in trail, and some have hardly any restrictions on snowmobiling. Massachusetts and Colorado,

two states where the sport is popular, do not even require registration of the lethal vehicles. In Michigan, where 80,000 snow machines are registered, State Police Colonel Fredrick Davids says the laws on the subject are "woefully inadequate," and warns that the soaring death rate will soon guarantee that the sport will "attract only the foolhardy and the reckless."

For the most part, conservationists are agreed that if the silence and the sanctity of the woods are to be preserved, and if nature's immutable laws are not to be flouted any further, all snow states must consider legislation that would:

Bar vast areas of public lands to snowmobiles, limit them to trails specifically marked for the noisy sport, and bar them flatly from public roads. The aim should be severe limitation, not laissez-faire expansion of a craze that is already out of control.

Forbid hunting or trapping from snowmobiles, hunting or chasing game with snowmobiles, riding snowmobiles

into hunting areas during game seasons, or indeed using snow vehicles in any way at all connected with hunting.

Require registration and licensing with state wildlife departments and/or motor-vehicle departments, application of oversized numbers on front cowlings, and serial numbers embedded in the tread so that snowmobiles will leave an identifiable trail wherever they go (just as the Sno-Jet snowmobile now repeats its name in the snow).

The alternative to such rigorous legislation would seem to be the passive acceptance of another forest pollutant, the continued erosion of man's fundamental right to peace and quiet, and more of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*. A snowmobile dealer accidentally expressed the gravamen of the matter to *The New York Times*. Extolling the wonders of the sport, he was quoted as saying, "A new world has been created in the winter months." Apparently no one thought to ask him: What was wrong with the old one?

END

# One of a kind



No other distiller makes his whiskey the same way we make Seagram's 7 Crown.

So no other whiskey has the same smooth taste.

Or the same consistently fine quality.

And guess what.

No other brand of whiskey is asked for as often as 7 Crown.

It figures, doesn't it?

Say Seagram's and Be Sure.

Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey.  
86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

# *The Girls From The Mountain Next Door*

All done up for battle they look full of fire and ferocious. Still inside every girl ski racer there hides a real live girl who can change quickly into her wistful, it's-poor-little-old-me disguise and disarm men for miles around. Glamour is not their game and chic is for all those elderly ladies in their 20s. Instead, girl racers are made of steel and spice and everything nice—like Canada's gamin Betsy Clifford, at right, who was tough enough to enter the world-championship giant slalom, and girl enough to cry just a little bit when she beat everybody else to win a gold medal.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE









**R**osi Fortna (left) comes on with big, dark eyes and an ethereal air that seems to belie her daredevil style of racing.

**W**hen Kiki Cutter is disguised in ruffles she looks deceptively fragile, a far cry from Kiki Cutter, demon competitor.

**E**ven in repose, Martha Rockwell displays some of the intensity that marks her efforts to become a Nordic star.





# Pretend it's Tuesday.



## Teacher's

*The Scotch that made Tuesday famous.*

66 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in U.S. and © Dickson & Co. N.Y. Imported.

**B**ombing a racecourse, Barbara Cochran is a relentless charger. But Barbara by candlelight presents a softer image—a gentle girl with long blonde hair.



## One demonstration, and you'll see the light!

**GULTON TWIN LITE**

White beam plus red flasher for emergencies.  
Recharges in any wall outlet.

WE'RE SO SURE OUR SCOTT 3-D COPIER will outperform your present machine, we'll give you this Gulton \$5.95 rechargeable Twin Lite® flashlight as a free gift—if you'll take 5 minutes to see the Scott 3-D in action. You'll see it's got everything you want in a copier. Like simple push-button operation. No warm-up. Exceptional reliability. Dry copies of truly superb quality. And the ability to copy almost anything including bound books, tough colors, pencil, or carbons, plus the capability of making offset plates. Just mail this coupon. You'll get the pocket flashlight, sale or no sale. All you've got to lose is 5 minutes—and all your copying problems.

**SCOTT**

**OFFICE COPY PRODUCTS**

THE PLASTIC COATING CORPORATION, BELLEVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS 02460  
SUBSIDIARY OF SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

Sure, I'll swap 5 minutes for a free flashlight. Please call and arrange a demonstration of the Scott 3-D at my convenience.



Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Firm \_\_\_\_\_ Title \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

**A** willowy, 18-year-old college coed, Barbara Britch can turn quickly from femininity to fierce cross-country racer in one of the most demanding sports ever.

## For the Lakers, the season still lies ahead

So says Jerry West, who has done so much to keep his team in contention while it waits for Chamberlain to come back. Behind the scenes a new, low-key coach has challenged some of the game's silly traditions



FIRST WORKOUT for West encourages Lakers hopes that he will make the playoffs

It was a sunny and bitterly cold late Sunday afternoon, and the bus was on its way back to Chicago from Milwaukee, back to O'Hare airport, where the Los Angeles Lakers had landed Friday evening and from which they would move onward to New York. "It's some kind of different ride than coming up, isn't it?" Joe Mullaney asked, needing, and expecting, no reply. Mullaney sat alone in the second row on the right, gazing through his window at the snowy countryside, and the nine viable members of the Lakers, chattering and glowing, were scattered all the way to the rear of the chartered Greyhound. Last midnight, after the Lakers had taken a three-point beating from the Chicago Bulls, the bus had brought them up this same expressway in the blackness, on their way to a Sunday afternoon game with Milwaukee, and the silence inside had been leaden and nearly total.

They were on a four-game road trip: Chicago, Milwaukee, New York, Baltimore—four games in five days for a lame and weary team. With first place in their division only half a game away, losing to mediocre Chicago had been a disaster; there was so little hope of beating the other three, the strongest teams in the NBA. Yet scarcely 12 hours after the Chicago loss, after the icy midnight bus ride to Milwaukee and the plastic meal at some deserted cafeteria along the way and four hours' sleep in a downtown motel—after all that, the team had rescued a last-second, two-point victory over Milwaukee and Lew Alcindor with a theatrical jump shot by Jerry West. From 12 points back, the Lakers had come on to win. "That was a biggie," Mullaney said, more or less to himself. From the back of the bus Happy Harrison of the paintful shoulder echoed him, "Man, that was some big win." Another voice added, "Chicago'll want to know what kind of food we ate after their game."

Since last December there had been titmies—and this trip was one of them—when the Lakers reminded you of the winter at Valley Forge. As far back as early November, in the ninth game of the new season, there had been the shattering loss of Wilt Chamberlain, who had hit the floor like a sack of men and was gone, apparently for the duration, with a ruptured tendon in his knee. Elgin Baylor, who at 35 and without benefit of Tchaikovsky can still make moves that Nureyev would envy, was lost for weeks with a pulled groin-muscle. Jerry West, perhaps the game's best all-round player today, was gummy on a sprained ankle, when he wasn't out because of it. So was Rick Roberson, the rookie who replaced Chamberlain. A groin-muscle injury also incapacitated Guard Johnny Fegan, and Keith Erickson, the quick forward from UCLA, had a bad ankle on one side, then on the other. Willie McCarter, the No. 1 draft choice, tore ligaments in his ankle and joined Chamberlain in cast and crutches. Dick Garrett, the other rookie guard, limped along on still one more flimsy ankle. "There were times in the dressing room," says West, "when we'd look at each other and just laugh. 'Who's going to get it tonight?' someone would say."

These were the athletic ruins among whom Joe Mullaney found himself standing soon after his debut as a coach in the pros. A soft-spoken man with an avuncular manner, Mullaney had reason to expect better. He had just abandoned a 15-year sentence at Providence College, sold his house in the East and packed his wife, four sons and a daughter off to a strange land. He might even have had momentary intimations of immortality as he assumed charge of the Lakers in October. With their three superstars more or less intact, the team had come within two points of the Celtics in the seventh game of the finals of the NBA playoffs the previous May. Bill

Russell was no longer around to harass Chamberlain and the others, and this looked like the Lakers' year for a championship. Then—catastrophe.

Among his other assets, Mullaney is a patient man. As the injuries multiplied and the Lakers slowly slid into fourth place in the Western Division with a record of 15-19 just before Christmas, Mullaney's court-side cool amazed Angelinos, especially those used to the manner of his predecessor, Butch Van Breda Kolf. Mullaney did not shake his fists at referees. His speech remained unhurried, his pleasant face unlined by tension, his neat gray hair unruffled, his conservative East Coast garments unripped. "I was just watching," he has since explained in an Irish-tinted accent that could come from nowhere but metropolitan Queens. "We had only 5½ days of practice before our first exhibition game, and I deliberately did not come on very strong. I certainly did not want to come to an established team that had been very close to winning the championship and, like a little dynamo, say, 'Look, fellows, this is the way we're going to do it now.'"

"I just felt I was going to get to know this group. Offensively, we had all kinds of talent—three of them had scored something like 68,000 points in their careers—so I felt there was very little I could offer them at that end of the court. What am I going to sell an Elgin Baylor about offense? At the other end of the court, though, I felt I could do a little more, once I discovered what they liked to do, where they liked to play, how they'd developed their skills."

The day after Christmas the New York Knickerbockers flew into Los Angeles for another easy touch, and 17,219 Angelinos came out to watch the limping Lakers take another bite of humble pie. Instead, they saw the start of a Lazarus episode in the agony of their heroes. West scored 40 points, 29 of them in the second half, and the Lakers held the Knicks to 106 points against 114 of their own. Over the next 5½ weeks the team won 15 of 20 games, the last nine in a row, until the string ended in Detroit with West and Baylor again on the sidelines with injuries. The Lakers were firmly in second place and closing on first-place Atlanta.

During the earlier dismal decline, Mullaney had been filling the minds of his players with one thought: defense. It



WEST CHECKS THE SCORE, MULLANEY CALLS ADVICE IN VICTORY OVER CHICAGO

was an idea many of them had not been asked to consider seriously since school days. "It wasn't until Wilt was out and Elgin got hurt the first time that we started emphasizing it so strongly," Mullaney says. "We started trapping the ball outside and forcing it down one side, so we got real shuffling possibilities from the opposite side. As I said when I took the job, I thought I could probably influence them defensively to some degree. I probably haven't influenced them as much as I would like, but part of this has been due to the number of injuries we've had. We haven't been able to stay with one unit long enough in practice. It's very difficult to have a sensible practice when you're running with eight men and the coach is the ninth man."

"When I first came here each player felt he was responsible only for his own man on defense, and when you started mentioning that you wanted him to play his man a certain way—forcing him in a certain direction—the player would question it. The fact that we'd be forcing a man in a certain direction, and giving him an avenue to move in, kind of

went against the grain with some fellows. They thought, 'He's my responsibility, and he's going to beat me.' And I'd say, 'If he does, we know in which direction he's going, and we're going to have a man help you now. In turn, he will be helped by a second man. Then if they can make a pass to their fifth man, away at the end of this succession of moves we make, more power to them. Then it'll be my fault. You can look over at me and say, 'Coach, he's open.'"

"But there's resistance to forcing your man in a direction that you think will certainly give up a basket if you don't get help. And it would be foolish basketball if you weren't going to be given help. Say you are fronting this man. If they drop a pass over you, you are going to get help from the weak side. If you half a man on one side, and he backdoor you, as they say, or reverses on you—well, we almost invite that play, because he's going to run into the next defensive man. It's a team principle. The Knicks have been employing it extremely well."

Mullaney talks like that, and though

*continued*



## Why pay for your mistakes?

With the Minolta Hi-matic 11, a sensitive automatic electric eye sees everything for you. Even flash settings are automatic.

So you never end up paying for pictures you won't be proud to show. And you'll never be disappointed with over or under exposed pictures again.

If you prefer doing your own thing, try the Hi-matic 11 on semi-automatic. It lets you select shutter speeds up to 1/500th of a second for stop action shots.

Get back pictures worth paying for. They're automatically yours with the Minolta Hi-matic 11.

With ultra-fast Rokkor f/1.7 lens, under \$115, plus case.

For details see your dealer or write: Minolta Corp., 200 Park Avenue South, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada:

Anglophoto Ltd., Montreal 376

MINOLTA HI-MATIC 11



## Guaranteed relief for cold sores, fever blisters.

Since early times, man has suffered from *herpes labialis*, commonly known as "cold sores" or "fever blisters." Unfortunately, many people today still use the old-fashioned remedies of yesterday—camphor, menthol and phenol.

But more and more sufferers of *herpes labialis* are discovering HERPECIN-L. HERPECIN-L is an improvement over old-fashioned remedies because its unique formula starts working on contact to help restore the skin to normal, healthy tissue. HERPECIN-L is also antiseptic, so it kills germs and helps prevent their spread. HERPECIN-L is made with a soothing emollient base to keep skin from cracking as it promotes healing.

Developed and clinically tested by leading scientists, physicians, dermatologists and dental clinicians, HERPECIN-L guarantees relief from cold sores, fever blisters, and burning, dry lips with complete satisfaction or double your money back. Get HERPECIN-L—\$2.83.



CAMPBELL LABORATORIES, INC. New York, N.Y. 10018



The deck is stacked in your favor when you follow Charles Goren's lead—regularly, in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

**ARIES**  
(March 21-Apr. 20)

"Today you'll meet someone special. Better carry Binaca."

**BINACA IS IN... BAD BREATH IS OUT.**

## PRO BASKETBALL continued

many Laker fans would not understand him, they have been turning out to view the results at a rate of more than 13,000 a game, well over 2,000 better than the best previous year. The team's broadcaster, Chuck Hearn, a man with the enthusiasm of a carload of pom-pom girls, keeps reminding his public that not since Horatio was standing at the bridge have there been such defensive heroes as Mullaney's men are displaying.

It is a rather recent notion on many teams, this idea that you can lead a professional basketball player to water and make him drink. Richie Guerin, the Atlanta coach, expressed the old, traditional thesis after one of his recent games with the Lakers. Guerin's Hawks had won, and Guerin was denigrating the suggestion of a reporter that he had prepared some strategy to deal with the rejuvenated Lakers. "We all know that coaching has been overemphasized in this game," Guerin said. "I think the main thing about coaching is getting along with people." He might have added the Procrustean viewpoint that an NBA coach's chief function is to get the boys to the planes on time.

One reason Mullaney was willing to risk a career with the pros was that he thought he detected a change in this philosophy. During the previous 10 years at Providence, a Dominican college of slightly more than 2,000 undergraduates, he had achieved the third-best won-lost record (behind UCLA and Cincinnati) in college basketball, and his interest in the pros had been limited to spectating. Then he began to observe what his friends, Red Holtzman and Jack Ramsey, were doing in New York and Philadelphia. Of Ramsey, Mullaney says, "Here was one guy I figured would die as a pro coach. In college, every game to him was like a war. If he lost, you couldn't talk to him after a game. I didn't see how he could survive an 82-game season, but he was very happy with his first year. He felt the fellows had responded very well to what he wanted to try. And he had done a lot of things that were new to the league. So I kept this in the back of my mind."

Since history sometimes has a certain logic, the Laker job was offered to Mullaney at just the moment he was ready to chance such an adventure. And here he was, in the waning weeks of his first season, on a bus with nine invalids. At O'Hare airport, carrying bags and equip-

continued



**Hathaway's runaway best seller:  
the Desert Classic, 1970 collection**

*The cloth, a cool, comfortable cotton lisle.*

Hathaway invented the Desert Classic three summers ago, hoping it'd be the answer to the well-dressed golfer's prayers. It was. It took off like a 300-yard drive and hasn't stopped since. Today there are over half a million of these Hathaways out there on America's fairways, beaches, and boats.

Fashion aside, the Desert Classic is a knit shirt you forget you have on. It's cut free and easy. No binding under the arms. Hathaway's exclusive cotton lisle doesn't trap body heat. Real cool.

It looks good au naturel or under a blazer. It's machine washable. And it comes in a whacking-good assortment of colors and collars, including Hathaway's new keyhole (shown left in picture). \$12 to \$14.

**Hathaway.**  
THE HATHAWAY GROUP

COMFORTABLE-CARE™  
COTTON  
YOU CAN FEEL  
HOW GOOD  
IT LOOKS.



## ***Icebreaker: Plymouth Duster***

(with Budd-built parts). Latest edition to the ones that make it, the Valiant Duster's a small wonder with big car features. Ventless windows. Flat black grille with integrated parking lights. Choice of five different seating arrangements. Standard six or big V-8 engine. The Duster's another one of the 31 leading cars with quality components made by

**THE Budd COMPANY**  
 AUTOMOTIVE DIVISION • DETROIT, MICHIGAN

***Wherever you look, you see Budd***

Budd products include fenders, hood, roof, doors, body panels, chassis frames, wheels, hubs, drums, brakes, and disc brake parts.





ment, the Lakers stood around for the inevitable team debate over which plane to take. The 5:30 won.

In New York, there was a rare and welcome day's rest, and everyone sat around the Statler Hilton lobby and argued about cars and movies and the dimensions of passing girls and discussed the rumor that Chamberlain might soon rejoin the team. His cast was off, and he had been working out at volleyball and running on the Santa Monica beach. Baylor was told that some press-box kibitzers insisted Wilt would weaken the team. In the low post, where he likes to play, it was argued, he clogs up the lanes for Baylor and West. Not only that, but how would he ever adjust to Mullaney's new defense in so short a time?

"Stronger without Wilt? No way," said Baylor, whose enormous dignity always adds authority to his words. "Do you think New York would be stronger without Reed, or Milwaukee without Alcindor? If we had had Wilt all season we would be leading our division by

seven games, probably even more. When we lost Wilt it hurt our defense."

It was much the same reaction from West. This has been Jerry's year, his best ever as a pro. "We get outbounded every night, but we wouldn't with Wilt," he said. "With a guy like that, if you're going bad defensively or offensively, he can pick you up by himself. Actually, our season is still ahead of us, not behind us. The way Mullaney has helped us on defense is responsible for what we've done so far. He's one of those coaches you want to play for." West paused, thought a minute and added, "I think he might be one of the nicest guys I ever met in my life."

The strongest indication that West may be right about the Lakers' season came last Thursday. Returning from a dicey three-point victory in Baltimore to play all their remaining eight games at home, the players were out on the practice court three hours after the plane landed. Half the city's TV cameras glared at them from the sidelines. The moment

had finally arrived: Chamberlain was ready to test his knee in a hard workout. Los Angeles had seldom known such suspense since Jean Harlow took her first deep breath in *Hell's Angels*.

Chamberlain worked up a good sweat. He bounded around like a giraffe in springtime. He ran, he leaped, he dunked the ball, he rebounded, he pushed people around, and he was pushed back. And he looked good. It was a tribute to his determination to get back in action this year and to the hours of exercise.

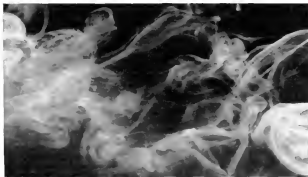
After the workout everyone crowded around him. Wilt was cautious: "If I don't think I can do the job after a week or so of practice, I'll say so. I've done all I possibly can to get where I am. If I think the knee is all right after a week, the next decision is up to my coach and my doctor."

At stake is not just the season of Joe Mullaney and his Lakers. That decision is anxiously awaited in all the catdels of the NBA whose teams will be in the playoffs.

END

## The smokeless tobaccos.

They aren't lit, puffed or inhaled. They're too good to smoke.



Put a pinch between gum and cheek, and enjoy it. Without even chewing. The smokeless tobaccos are too good to smoke. You get all the satisfaction of prime aged tobaccos. They cost less, too. Sure beats smoking!



For information on how to use smokeless tobaccos, please write:  
United States Tobacco Company, Dept. SI, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020.

Copenhagen and Skoal also available in Canada.

## A case for the 'Boston blue'

Another name for the pollock is 'green salmon,' and by any name this cousin of the cod is the most underrated game fish of northern waters



The Atlantic pollock is a game, graceful fish that has been hung from its own family tree. Pollock? You're putting us on, say the trout and salmon purists, ridiculing the pollock's close blood ties to the sluggish cod, which, they reason, is an excellent source of fishcakes but at the end of a line acts like a dead cat. So must it be with the pollock. True, hardly anyone loves the pollock. Restaurants palm him off as Boston bluefish, but the pseudonym is unintentionally apt. The real bluefish is a voracious, battling demon and the Boston blue does not exactly peck at his food, either. A 12-inch pollock can consume a hundred two-inch herring in one swim and then still snap at a lure like a starving wolf.

Pollock are occasionally called green salmon in New England, where the real thing once swarmed in rivers south to Connecticut. Today, but for a few rivers in northern Maine, the Atlantic salmon is probably gone forever from the U.S. And now the green salmon is having trouble. The dull but delicious haddock, New England's favorite food fish, is all but fished out, and you-know-who is the next commercial target. Already people are saying that pollock fishing isn't what it once was, and that is sad because so few anglers have ever sampled its pleasures.

For this fisherman discovery came in the harbor of a tiny coastal town outside Boston. Boyhood was the time. June was the month, and honeysuckle was in

the air. A new craze called spinning tackle made it possible. Pollock will hit spinning lures, the salesman said, and that first cast proved him right. Reel screeched, rod bowed, fish jumped and got off. Only the fisherman suffered lasting effects. A fishing career spent digging worms to catch flounder and small codfish had ended. Pollock struck on nearly every cast that night—strong, handsome fish to 18" that ripped off yards of three-pound test line and bored deep beneath the float so that you had to stick your rod underneath. Even then they sometimes broke off. In more than 20 years since, that combination of June evening and rising tide has rarely failed. It has worked in the tidal rivers of Cape Cod Bay, on the rocky shores of Marshfield and Cape Ann, at the mouths of rivers such as Massachusetts' North and Merrimack, New Hampshire's Piscataqua and Hampton, and on into the season, north through Maine and Nova Scotia.

The pollock's principal distribution overlaps much of the Atlantic salmon's original range in the Western Atlantic, from Cape Cod Bay to beyond Nova Scotia. Though it is only 290 miles along the coast from Boston to Canada as the sea gull flies, the route is indented with thousands of pollock-lined coves and rocky points, and there are actually more than 2,500 miles of shoreline. Add another 4,600 convoluted miles for Nova Scotia, and one sees why the pollock is probably the most

abundant saltwater game fish on this stretch of Atlantic coast.

Pollock are the first migratory game fish to arrive in these waters each spring, reaching Cape Cod Bay by mid-April in some years, and Maine by June. Throughout the season there are many stretches of shoreline where no other game fish is regularly available. Shad fishing is strictly a river proposition as was salmon fishing even in its best days. Bluefish are rarely found north of Cape Cod, and north of Boston the striped bass is primarily a fish of rivers and limited areas of surf. The Atlantic mackerel is probably the pollock's nearest rival for ubiquity in these waters.

The pollock is a cold-water fish, and it moves into deeper water fast when the surface temperature tops 52°. Specimens above the three-pound range are primarily offshore fish, but schools to 20 pounds do come into the surf at New York's Montauk Point for a week or two in April, and a similar run of somewhat larger fish stays only slightly longer at Provincetown's Race Point in mid-May. "People go crazy for a week or two," says one Montauker. "Those pollock fight just like bluefish." Except for the Montauk run, there is no shore pollock fishing south of Rhode Island. Ironically, the 43-pound world record was caught 50 miles off New Jersey in October 1964, and some New York, Connecticut and Jersey skippers catch quite a few on long-haul codfishing trips. This is deep fishing though, in 30 to 60 fathoms, and sometimes it is more work than fun.

Strangely, there is little such fishing in the cold-water centers of pollock abundance, where the species is found nearer the surface. Commercial fishermen at Rockport, Mass. swear that pollock over 50 pounds have come over their gunwales in years past. Not recently though, and the implications are ominous. These skippers probably never realized they were fishing over perhaps the world's greatest pollock spawning grounds. Most pollock in the western Atlantic spawn between November and February on a 60-mile stretch of ledges near the mouth of Massachusetts Bay. American commercial boats are already fishing on these grounds, and Russian trawlers have been seen there for years—fishing illegally. This may partly explain what is happening to the north.

As one moves into Maine, and then

Nova Scotia, water temperatures plummet and large pollock have traditionally been found closer to shore. Vast shoals of 10-, 20-, even 30-pounders once reported within shouting distance of land. Suddenly, eight or 10 years ago, they disappeared from the regular spots, but there was hardly anyone to mourn their passing. Pollock had always gotten the same raw deal as Maine's wonderful smallmouth bass. Most Maine fishermen just could not forgive them for not being trout, and cousin codfish didn't help.

Pollock pioneers, such as Novelist Kenneth Roberts, won few converts. "When those beautiful big fish surge upward and out of water," Roberts wrote of an experience in 1912 off the Maine coast, "the whole ocean seems to turn into a mass of glaring eyes and distended jaws." Too plentiful and easy to catch for sport, trouters scoffed. "This may possibly be so," Roberts wrote, "but I'm sure that anyone who cares to handle a seven-pound pollock with a 3½-ounce rod will find his hands full. Pollock fishing . . . is infinitely more sport than fishing for tuna and coming home with an empty boat."

Forty years later Bangor Daily News Outdoors Editor Bud Leavitt became a one-man pollock PR firm. He regularly fished the rips off Maine's Petit Manan Light, where acres of surfacing pollock spent each summer. "Not even an Atlantic salmon fly rod could stop one of those 25-pounders," he recalls. "They'd strip a fly line and 300 yards of 15-pound-test backing to the reel drum, and keep right on going."

A favorite sub-spot of Leavitt's was introducing nonbelievers. One purist came down from a weekend at Moosehead Lake with a few small handlocked salmon. "What the hell, I can fish pollock any time," he said. "I took him out," Leavitt recalls, "hooked into a 22-pounder on an 8½-foot fly rod, handed it to him and sat back with a six-pack of beer. Well, he couldn't move that fish for an hour and 45 minutes. We had him begging."

Besides Leavitt there are very few experts on big pollock. One is Captain Barna Norton of Jonesport, Maine, at the heart of big pollock territory. The runs were so dependable in the nearby Bay of Fundy that there was no need to explore. Now he misses the music of spinning reel bearings burning out. What

happened? "The Russian fleets," says Norton. But did the pollock really disappear, or have their habits just changed? It is reassuring that Norton still knows one place where it's like old times, the Bulkhead Rips between Grand Manan Island and Nova Scotia, but it's a three-day trip.

Other fishermen make discoveries but just don't talk. Ten- and 12-pounders are taken on metal jigs from the deep rips at the east entrance to the Cape Cod Canal. A young teacher in Gloucester, Mass. gets up before dawn in June to cast surface plugs for 12- and 15-pound pollock that chase bait right into the rocky surf, and commercial men in that old fishing town and others are catching big ones—and talking. Their message: the pollock haven't all wound up in nets yet. They've moved from the old inshore rips though, and they are not necessarily on top. Some are about 15 miles northeast of Portland in July, some on the Bay of Fundy's Grand Manan Bank from May to October, and there are heavy concentrations in August on the Grand Banks southwest of Nova Scotia—too far for the small boats to run.

And then there is Nova Scotia itself. When the world-famous tuna fishing goes bad at Wedgeport, the big game men grab lighter rods and spend an afternoon with 20-pound pollock at the mouth of the Tusket River. And on up the east and west coasts Nova Scotia pollock fishing is like a new diamond mine. One could pass a lifetime exploring its possibilities, never fishing the same place twice and hardly ever seeing another fisherman.

Solitude, though, doesn't belong only to Nova Scotia pollock fishing. Down through Maine and Massachusetts too, the pollock's lack of great popularity is a boon to those who crave elbow room. As in Nova Scotia, "harbor" pollock predominate inshore, but with proper tackle even a 25-pounder is a worthy adversary, and no fishing is more conducive to relaxation; the surroundings are a salve to both senses and soul. There are the tangy smells of rockweed and clean salt water. Fishing boats bob peacefully at anchor in the cool evenings. White steeples rise from the greenness in hundreds of quiet cameo towns, and in their harbors and off their rocky shores pollock fishing is still as dependable as the tides.

END



**Orange Twist.**  
**This week's**  
**perfect martini secret.**

A twist of orange and  
the perfect martini gin, of course.

**Seagram's**  
**The perfect martini gin.**

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY  
50 PROOF. DISTILLED 50% GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

## Love-in at the Utah natatorium

That anathema of the coaching profession—long hair—reared its shaggy head recently at the University of Utah. The hair, which hung below the shoulders, was the glory of a member of the swimming team, a breaststroker, and somehow the sight of a young man wearing only long hair and a bathing suit was considered especially obscene. The football coach, of course, was aghast. The parents who came to meets were so busy tsk-tsking that they almost forgot to notice Utah's new \$2 million natatorium. Everybody wondered

when the swimming coach, Don Reddish, would blow his red top. So what did Reddish do?

"Nothing," says Reddish. "Any other year and I would have gone completely out of my mind. But whether we like it or not, times are changing. Here was a young man who was a B-plus student, who was perfect in every way. I couldn't see where long hair had changed him. He's a good individual, and I decided that if long hair means that much to him, that's the way it would be."

"My hair is part of me, something I can empathize with, something that means something to me," says the swimmer, Tim Roark. "Don can understand this. He's the only older person I can talk to and relate with. I really dig him."

Everybody around Salt Lake seems to dig Reddish, who is 46 and has more hair in his eyebrows than on his freckled dome. Some of his adult friends recently threw a dinner in his honor and gave him a bronze plaque ("Don B. Reddish, in recognition of his contributions to intercollegiate swimming and the University of Utah") to hang in the new natatorium. Other friends got up \$5,000 for Utah's swimming program. These tributes are nice enough ("That plaque sure would make a fine gravestone," says Reddish), but a few hours spent with Reddish give one the idea that he puts greater store in the words of Tim Roark.

Indeed, his rapport with his athletes is the only reason Reddish has coached swimming at Utah the last 17 years. His job is assistant athletic director, and swimming doesn't bring him an extra cent. "It's a hobby with me," he says. "I enjoy working with kids. In fact, I seem to get along better with kids than I do with anyone else." And it's a hobby that has paid off. Each December Reddish takes his team to Honolulu for three weeks of training, then brings them back to Salt Lake to wallop everybody in the Rocky Mountain region. The Redskins are 137-37 in dual meets under Reddish and have won every Western Athletic Conference swimming title since the league was formed seven years ago.

"Don't get me wrong," says Reddish. "I do this for the fun of it—but nothing replaces winning. You don't have to work out one day to lose."

A milestone in Reddish's career will come at the end of the month, when

Utah hosts the NCAA swimming and diving championships. Although Salt Lake is 4,200 feet above sea level—high enough to revive 1968 Olympic anxieties—the NCAA picked Utah partly out of recognition of Reddish's success but mostly because the new natatorium is considered one of the finest in the nation. The natatorium is Reddish's pet project, and he is mainly responsible for everything from the layout of the three pools to the windows which form an entire wall, affording a view of the new 15,000-seat basketball dome and, beyond, the purple peaks of the Wasatch Range. The only things in the pool complex that Reddish doesn't take credit for are the individual marble showers.

"Don't ask me how we got them," he says. "You should have seen the president when he found them. Oh, man!"

If the marble showers are the most extravagant feature, the most advanced is the computerized scoreboard. A joint effort of Data-Time and American Sign & Indicator, the contraption records each swimmer's time down to 1/10,000 of a second, then flashes the result on the scoreboard. This means that everyone knows right away who won a close race, instead of having to wait for 37 officials to decide. Moreover, with human error eliminated, the race always goes to the swiftest—as Reddish discovered earlier this winter at a meet against Colorado State. The teams had battled evenly down to the last event, the 4 x 100 freestyle relay, in which the officials unanimously picked Utah as the winner. The computer picked Colorado State.

Serves Reddish right. He designed the scoreboard and advised in the construction of the computer, which also records splits and holds them for 15 seconds, catches false starts and, they say, runs old Johnny Weissmuller flicks.

Reddish swam at Amherst and, after serving in the Army in the Philippines, at Utah. He was a capable enough freestyler, but the best athlete in the family was brother Jack, who made two Olympic skiing teams and won 24 national titles. Now Jack is associated with Steve McQueen in Solar Productions, which brought you *Bullitt* and *The Reivers*.

As a graduate student at Utah, Don Reddish filled in as swimming coach for two years (1948-49) and won the Skyline Conference championship in 1949. After being called back into the Army—he was twice wounded in Korea—he re-

continued



REDDISH SHOWS OFF NEW SCOREBOARD



# Something to believe in.

Announcing the 1970 Buicks.

They're something to believe in.

Because they're built with product integrity—traditional craftsmanship and care.

The 1970 Riviera has variable ratio power steering and power brakes as standard equipment. Plus a cooling system that should never overheat. And a new carburetor time modulated choke control (a Buick exclusive) for fast starts in any weather.

We build our cars with product integrity because we want them to be something to believe in.

They always have been.

They always will be.

Now, wouldn't you really rather have a

# 1970 Buick.



## Billy Hardwick and George Kraffel, two moving pros, discuss the smooth delivery.



**Billy Hardwick**, 1989 male bowler of the year and a leading PBA tournament money winner.

"A smooth delivery can mean the difference between first place and runner-up, or several thousand dollars in a big tournament. That's why I use such a deliberate delivery. If I take my time, I can be pretty sure where the ball's going.

A bowler needs a delivery that's comfortable to him. If you take an odd number of steps, deliver from your left foot, an even number, deliver from your right. And most important don't hurry; the slower you deliver the more chance you have of hitting the pocket.

The secret to bowling is adjustment. No two lanes are the same. Some take a four step delivery while others take a five. It's just a matter of knowing how the lanes run and that comes from experience."

**George Kraffel**, Checkerboard Moving and Storage Co., St. Louis, a leading American Red Ball agent.

"A smooth delivery is important to us, too. Many of our customers are repeat customers, many come to us on recommendations of friends, that's why a smooth move and a smooth delivery are important to us.

Comfort is an essential part of our business as well. Billy. We even provide families with books on how to prepare their children for moving, how to move pets and how to organize their furnishings for the smoothest, most comfortable move possible.

I've never found any two moves exactly the same either. It may mean special packing methods and containers or temporary storage at the destination point. We tailor our exclusive Red Carpet Service to each customer's needs."

CALL  
CALL **AMERICAN RED BALL**

American Red Ball Trust Company Inc. • International Headquarters, 220 Illinois Building, Dept. 3, Indianapolis, Indiana 46204 • Our agents are in your Yellow Pages.  
Write us and enclose \$1 for an original full color 20" x 20" History of Sports poster or see your local American Red Ball agent.

turned to Utah and was named superintendent of maintenance and buildings.

In 1955 the Utah swimming coach, an assistant football coach, got bored and gave swimming up. The pay wasn't much—at the time an extra \$300 a year—but neither was the program: no scholarships, no swimsuits, not even a decent pool, unless you counted the yucky old bathtub in the phys ed building.

None of this fazed Reddish. When he became assistant athletic director in 1961 the annual swimming budget was \$500. To get more money Reddish coached young swimmers in exchange for contributions by their parents for swimming scholarships. He gave out the scholarships carefully—half a grant here, a quarter one there—and the one thing he didn't do, unless it was absolutely necessary, was to let prospects see the pool.

"I never lied to anyone," says Reddish, "but let's just say I took great pains to avoid the old pool. You couldn't believe it—60 feet long by 23 feet wide!"

The better Utah did in swimming, the more dough Reddish was able to raise. Now there are 22 swimmers on at least partial scholarship, and this year the team will travel more than 10,000 miles, at a cost of well over \$10,000. The prestige trip, of course, is to Honolulu, which the swimmers help pay for by cleaning up the football stadium.

But Reddish almost didn't live to see the natatorium or the NCAAAs. On a recent recruiting trip in New Mexico his Thunderbird was hit head-on by a truck. Reddish wasn't expected to live through the night, and at one point he stopped breathing for a minute and a half. A team of 12 doctors—all personal friends, managed to put him back together.

Up to now Reddish's swimming goals have been relatively modest, but with the natatorium to attract prospects, he may begin chasing both the nation's best swimmers and the NCAA championship. Even so, as surely as he will continue coaching for free, the core of Utah's program will be the relationship between Reddish and his boys. Consider Tim Roark. He got his hair cut, yet. "It was just getting to the length I wanted it," explains Tim, "but some of the guys thought if I got it cut, it would make the team more cohesive. I think that's crazy, but I did it because it would help Don. I guess I wanted to help him more than I wanted my hair."

And that, friends, is love.

AND

## "I look so good now, my wife won't let me tour alone."

This new line of sportswear of mine may get me in a trouble.

Here I am all coordinated in these great color combinations—shirts, slacks, jackets, the works. Stryling? You name it: Ivy cutless and Continental slacks with frontier pockets, shirts with crew necks or sport collars, jackets with raglan or set-in sleeves. All made with those real good Dacron® and cotton fabrics.

Sound like I know the fashion business? Uh-uh. I just know this stuff looks great.

The price is right in line. And they feel right, too—plenty of freedom. If you put one in the water, you can't blame my clothes.

You'll find them near the sombrero in your store. Give them a try. You may not cut your score. But you'll cut a helluva figure out there.

Lee Trevino Sportswear, Suite 829, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10001

Lee Trevino  SPORTSWEAR

## ALL OTHER COLOR TV



No matter what they say, the best any other color TV can promise is an automatically sharp picture.

But they can't promise that the people won't turn green.

## MAGNAVOX



Only Magnavox can promise an automatically sharp picture.

That automatically keeps people the right color.

The difference: Magnavox Total Automatic Color. It electronically monitors flesh tone signals and keeps them free of greens and purples.

Result: flesh tones can't go wrong.

Not when the scene changes, not even when you switch channels. Just set it and forget it. And sit back, relax and enjoy brighter pictures than ever on our new, brilliant MX500 color tube.

 Total Automatic Color.  
Only Magnavox has it.

# Magnavox



## Hip horses with square names

**Derby favorites now include My  
Dad George and Corn Off The Cob**

When the glamorous colt of his crop goes off at 3 to 5 in a \$100,000 winter classic, and then finishes eighth in a 13-horse field—beaten by 12 lengths—it is far from being the happiest day at the old horse park. That's what happened at Hialeah last week to Sonny Werblin's Silent Screen in the mile-and-an-eighth Flamingo, the race in which he was supposed to clinch his status as the Kentucky Derby favorite.

For a while, at least, nobody is going to be scared of Silent Screen. He managed to do almost nothing right in the Flamingo, except to leave the gate when the doors opened. After that he ran greenly into the first turn, and by the time Jockey John Rotz got him out of the turn he had barged around—and been squeezed around—to such an extent that he was out on three legs. Thereafter he refused to change leads, made a game effort to hold third position on the turn for home and simply chucked the whole painful business with 3/16ths of a mile to run. One of the colts who beat him was a refugee from Suffolk Downs and Rockingham Park named Boy Behave, who went to the post at odds of 199 to 1.

While all this was going on, to the bewilderment of a Hialeah closing day crowd of 28,462, the Flamingo was being contested by two other long shots, who managed to produce an exciting finish and a good deal of speculation about 1970 3-year-olds, in general. The race was won by 9-to-1 shot My Dad George, who came from sixth place to nose out Corn Off The Cob in the good time of 1:48 1/2. Although both names sound as though they might have been pulled out of a Cracker Jack box, the performances were outstanding, and there is no guar-

antee that Silent Screen—on his best day—would have beaten either of them in his first attempt over this distance.

Some Flamingo observers were inclined to agree with Werblin and Trainer or Bowes Bond that Silent Screen's race was so awful that it should be disregarded altogether. "I'd rather have him beaten by 12 lengths, with an excuse," said Werblin, "than go dimglone in the stretch and lose by a length or so." The day after the race Silent Screen's right hind leg was infected, and he was running a temperature of 102°. He probably will miss 10 days of training and will have difficulty making the March 28 Florida Derby. Not too many more things can go wrong with him if he is to be ready for the May 2 Kentucky Derby.

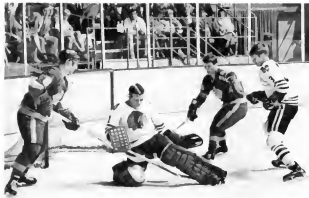
Misfortune to the favorite should not obscure the impressive showing of the first two finishers or even that of the third colt, Burd Alane, who turned in a steady run. My Dad George is far from being ordinary, a fact he established earlier this winter by winning two stakes at Tropical Park and finishing third to Naska and Burd Alane in the Everglades. Corn Off The Cob is a son of Khaled, and the way he ran—either prompting the pace or taking the lead himself and still holding on strongly to miss victory by inches—suggests that he may be the better of the pair.

My Dad George's route to the winner's circle points out once again the vagaries of the breeding-and-buying game. The 1966 Keeneland fall sale attracted, among others, George A. Cavanaugh Jr. and his brother Jim, operators of Pinecrest Farm in Ocala, Fla. Bored and thirsty after a bit, George said to Jim, "I'm going to the bar. If you see anything you like, buy it for me." A few drinks later George returned and was staggered by the news that Jim had bought not one but three mares in foal. One was the Skytracer mare, Mabekky, in foal to Dark Star. Jim couldn't resist the price of \$2,800. The brothers named Mabekky's foal after their dad, George Sr., and sold him in the 1969 Florida Breeders' Sales to retired fruit grower and theatrical angel Raymond Morse Curtis for \$13,500.

Curtis came into racing nine years ago with Trainer John Nerud, but for the past five years his trainer has been Frank J. (Buddy) McManus, a 52-year-old veteran horseman. In the Flamingo, while such costly purchases as Burd Alane (\$210,000) and Protanto (\$150,000) faltered, Curtis' colt came through with a \$104,910 purse. "I would rather gamble on a horse than on a play," he said. "When a play flops that's the end. But a horse can run again." My Dad George will run again in the Florida Derby before going on to Louisville. **END**



TIGHT END OF A FAST FLAMINGO HAS DAD (LEFT) A KERNEL WITH AHEAD OF CORN



HOCKEY / Gary Ronberg

## Hunker down and fly right

By curbing their free-ranging stars and signing some talented rookies the Chicago Black Hawks have spiraled up into the heat of the NHL race

ALL through training camp the rumors had been circulating: Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita, two of the biggest stars in hockey, were not going to be treated as stars anymore, they were going to be treated just like the rest of the Chicago Black Hawks. Sure. There were other rumors. The free-wheeling Hawks were going to start playing defense. They were going to bring up some kids. This last was the most absurd rumor of them all—for these were youngsters who had played college hockey in the U.S. You just don't step out of college and into the National Hockey League.

Well, it happened. The Black Hawks broke in three U.S. college graduates, who stuck, and tightened up on defense and subordinated Hull and Mikita, who not only scored goals but also prevented some. As a result, this week the Black Hawks were in third place in the NHL's East Division and were making eyes at the front-running Boston Bruins and New York Rangers. Actually the overall race in the East was one of the finest ever: just 10 points separated first-place Boston from fifth-place(!) Montreal.

No team had started more poorly

(1-6-1) than the Hawks. When Hull ended a 15-game holdout he was not in shape, nor was he enchanted with the Hawks' new, disciplined game. "There's no way I'll ever get in shape the way things are going," he snorted after a game in early December. "I'm just not the kind of player who can go up and down his wing like he's on a string, playing 15, 16 minutes a game. That's just not my style."

By that time, though, the Black Hawks had proved they could win games without Bobby. Led by rookie goaltender Tony Esposito, who had been drafted from Montreal, they went undefeated in eight games after the initial slump. Since Dec. 19, when they were fifth with a 12-12-4 record, the Hawks have been the hottest team (24-8-3) in the league.

"If I had to pick a key," Coach Billy Reay said last week, "it would be Esposito. He has given us the big save, the save that gives you a lift. So many times you get that big save, and hang! You go right down to their end and put the puck in the net."

But as you watch Tony Esposito in a game you think it is indeed fortunate he has a degree in business from Mich-

GOALIE ESPOSITO kicks one out against Kings in Magnuson stands poised to clear

igan Tech. The way he flops and dives it is easy to see why the Canadians gave up on him. Surely his next game will be his last—but, of course, it isn't, for Esposito has been the best goaltender in hockey. An All-Star selection at the half-way mark, he is in the running for Rookie of the Year, with 11 shutouts (only two short of the NHL record) and a goals-against average of 2.24.

People have stopped trying to figure out Esposito. Opposing forwards simply say he has a great glove hand, and there is so much of him there really isn't much of the net to shoot at, especially down low. Consequently, it is necessary to pick a high corner, and only the sharpshooters can do that in a hurry. "He's alert," says Reay. "Some goaltenders are a split-second behind the play; Tony's a split-second ahead of it. He may be awkward, but he's rarely out of position. You know, I get kind of tired of people knocking his style. He keeps the puck out."

As for his other three rookies—Defenseman Keith Magnuson and Wings Cliff Koroll and Gerry Pinder—Reay says the Black Hawks have been "kissed by angels." A redheaded youth with wide green eyes and a quick grin, Magnuson looks deceptively innocent. Still filling out at 6' 185 pounds, he plays and fights with equal enthusiasms. Last week he took over the league lead in penalty minutes, with 182.

"I really don't go looking for fights, but I just love to hit," he says. "Hock, I knew they would be running at me this year, testing me, so I took karate all last summer. The only trouble is I haven't been able to use it that much. The secret is using your feet, and when your feet are in skates it's not exactly legal. Next summer I'm going to practice boxing and wrestling."

Magnuson shares an apartment in suburban Schiller Park with Koroll, who has scored 15 goals on Mikita's line this year. Inseparable off the ice, he and Cliff were teammates at Denver University. Mag and Cliff like the apartment line: situated near O'Hare airport, it is awash with airline stewardesses.

While the youngsters have given Chicago an inspirational lift, the veterans have been outdoing themselves. The big loss of Captain Pat Stapleton, out with

a damaged knee, was softened by the recent steal from the Los Angeles Kings of All-Star Defenseman Bill White and Gerry Desjardins, a promising 25-year-old goaltender.

Through it all, no Hawk has been more admirable than Stan Mikita, although the 29-year-old playmaker has been troubled by a bad back. He wears a brace, but no treatment has given him real relief. Last year the four-time NHL scoring champion "slumped" to 30 goals and 67 assists. Because of his back and the fact the club was breaking in youngsters all around him Mikita could not get going early this year, but he started to warm up in December. In January he caught fire. A number of five- and six-point games have now moved him into third place in the scoring race.

As for Bobby Hull, he has not forgotten his problems with the front office, but for the time being, at least, he is cooling it. Hull showed up for a noon workout in Oakland last Thursday wearing a bright yellow sweater and a pair of wild beachcombers he had purchased the day before in Malibu. TV cameras whirled at him throughout the session, and one cameraman got some footage of Hull's slap shot from behind the net. ("Either that guy's got a lot of guts or he's crazy," said one player. "Those cords are pretty old, you know.")

Bobby said, sure, he would like to play more and sure, he gets the urge to take off every once in a while on one of those headlong, end-to-end rushes. "It's not my game, the game we're playing now," he said. "I'm just following orders. There are times when I'd like to go it myself, but we're winning this way, and winning is the important thing. This is a good club, a real good club. Everybody's playing well, and the kids, well, the kids have been great. They aren't the rah-rah types; they're quality kids."

Keith Magnuson reflected on the 15 games Hull had missed, then on the 31 goals he had scored—and gulped. "You can't appreciate him until you've played with him," he said. "I wasn't around here last year, but the guys who were say Bobby's never skated his position and come back to help on defense like he has this year. He missed a game the other night in L.A., and I want you to know we missed him. Me, particularly. It's really nice, you know, to throw that puck up to Bobby on the left wing—and then watch it disappear." **END**

**Fond of things Italiano?  
Try a sip of Galliano.**

The carabinieri: in 16th century Italy, they were soldiers; in the 17th, bodyguard to the King; today, Italy's elite corps of police and presidential guard. A *carabiniere* stands as symbolic guardian of Galliano, legendary Italian liqueur said to be "distilled from the rays of the sun." Perhaps you can taste a touch of sunlight in every sip. Galliano has conquered America. Let it win you over. Tonight?

**40 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © McKESSON LIQUOR CO., 1988**

# A MAN OF ARTS AND LETTERS

by PAT RYAN





*The selection of his thoroughbred as Horse of the Year reflects Paul Mellon's eminence in the racing game, but its name—no accident—is a tribute to other passions that guarantee him lasting fame in sport*

**S**choolchildren flood into Washington's National Gallery in haphazard lines of fifth-grade enthusiasm. Ooooo-Ooo, the floors, the polished marble. Boys and girls take surreptitious slides. Such is a 10-year-old's first brush with culture. Throughout the galleries, groups of children sit on the floors, listening intently to art teachers. In front of Seurat's *The Lighthouse at Houffleur*, a lady is explaining small points of Impressionist technique. Hands are raised. . . . How? . . . Why? . . .

Unobserved, Paul Mellon is watching with satisfaction. The Seurat painting happens to be his, and the museum, a stately treasury of art that ranks just behind the Louvre and the Prado, was his father's legacy to the nation. Paul Mellon is president of the National Gallery, its guardian and its angel. He is, as well, owner of probably the world's finest private art collection.

But shift to another scene now, to a hot-dog stand at New York's Aqueduct racetrack. Mellon is waiting in line and, here also, goes unnoticed. The Saturday bettors around him are students of another sort of fine art, and a million-dollar Mellon entry *wins* their discriminating taste. Minutes later his chestnut colt, Arts and Letters, a 1-to-3 favorite, eases through the homestretch to win the \$100,000 stake and the title of Horse of the Year.

It is only following such racetrack vic-

*continued*

stories that Paul Mellon, a modest and private individual, steps forward, that the public sees this man of fabled wealth (\$500 million or is it \$1 billion? people in the crowd ask). On one such occasion last year as Mellon stood in a hushed winner's circle accepting an Arts and Letters trophy, a better looked him over closely. "Hey, Mellon," the man shouted. "With all your money, why don't you get your nose fixed?" Mellon took no apparent notice but his trainer, who tells the story, was obviously shocked by such irreverence.

Mellon's thoroughbreds—both stud and racing stable—are a distinguished collection in their own right. Perhaps because Mellon knows the applause of a race crowd is for a horse, not its owner, he does not shun such triumphs. "Of course, I suppose I get a certain amount of reflected glory," he says.

Ever discreet about his wealth and philanthropy, Mellon finds it convenient to be traveling abroad when public announcements are made of his gifts. His alma mater, Yale, has received more than \$40 million (and he has promised another \$35 million in paintings and books). Sometimes forwarded along with a grant is a three-sentence statement for the press. Multimillion-dollar Mellon donations for conservation—to help preserve wildlife sanctuaries and establish the Cape Hatteras national park—are memorialized by nothing but dune grass, scrub oak and holly. That is good enough. He dislikes public show and finds it unnecessary to impress himself or anyone else. Quite obviously, he believes in the responsibility and utility of great wealth—"Giving large sums of money away nowadays," he has said, "is a soul-searching problem. You can cause as much damage with it as you may do good." Along with his boards of trustees, he administers two foundations that combined have assets of \$270 million and administers them purposefully.

Though his fortune and propensity for anonymity seem to make Mellon an aloof figure, he does not insulate himself with a staff of retainers. One dark evening last fall in New York, he arrived at his East Side house by subway. He let himself in. "If it is very late, I find myself putting the collar of my coat up and kicking open the front gate like they do in the movies," he said with a smile. "I think it's sort of silly to ring the doorbell and wait for the guard." He moved through the house to a room that he uses as an office. A John Singer Sargent portrait of a young girl faced his desk. English paintings of harbors, horses and a cricket match—studies that bore looking at—hung on other walls. Their beauty was in the unobvious, a figure or face in the background. The subtle, the understated appeals to Mellon. Ashtray or inkwell, every object in the room reflected charm and personal selection. But what spoke even more of the man were his books. Volumes on art were stacked on desk and table, slips of paper marking passages. Bookshelves lined a wall from floor to ceiling, but only one section was filled. He had

lived in this house for five years but Mellon was obviously in no hurry to add books to the shelves simply to please a decorator's eye. A scholarly man with horn-rims and a penchant for books, he knows someday there will be more than enough. On an empty shelf he had propped a photograph of Arts and Letters. Resting against floorboards were unhung pictures. Already he had run out of space for those. But the desire to collect, to enjoy and to savor persists. Mellon carries paintings around streets and airline terminals as anyone else might a book or a newspaper, arriving at a frame-maker's with a Van Gogh or at an exhibition with the Degas he has promised under his arm.

However, it is on a 4,000-acre estate that rolls out of the Blue Ridge Mountains across the foxhunting country of Virginia that all the facets of Mellon are evident in one magnificent setting—the Anglophile in his own parkland with his private gallery of British sporting paintings, the bibliophile with 20,000 rare volumes (some date from the time of Joan of Arc and Machiavelli), the horseman with enough enthusiasm and skill at 62 to compete in and win 100-mile endurance events, the thoroughbred owner with a practiced eye for conformation, and the countryman, concerned about his pastures and his animals. Like an artist, he is sensitive to the beauty of topography and landscape, building his houses and barns in the folds of the land. And like a conservationist, he respects the art of nature and knows it cannot be restored once it is destroyed. Mellon worries that he has perhaps done too much in carving out his stud farm. The honeysuckle deliberately has been left to climb the stone walls and split-rail fences.

At twilight on a winter evening, sycamore trees standing like sculptures against the sky, Mellon will set out for a walk. His Norwich terriers disappear across the fields in front of him as he heads for his hunter barn. The wind is from the southeast—rain, he thinks. Above a swale sits the red plank barn. At each stall Mellon turns the light on and looks in. It is a ritual, a moment of pleasure. The horses are in heavy blankets, PM stitched in the corners. There are five of them. The gray has his best days behind him.

"What we often really need is an hour alone, to dream, to contemplate or simply to feel the sun," Mellon once said. "What this country needs is a good five-cent reverie." He is a man with a sense of value and proportion about living, and about his life. That is Paul Mellon, sportsman, owner of the Horse of the Year, buyer of the finest collection of sporting paintings ever assembled, unpublishing conservationist, a man who wishes everybody knew the value of a good five-cent reverie.

Paul Mellon is the only son of Andrew William Mellon, the financier and plutocrat. It has been said of Andrew Mellon that he was a Secretary of the Treasury under whom three Presidents served. Senator Robert M. La Follette observed in 1924, "Andrew W. Mellon today is the real President of the United States. Calvin Coolidge

is merely the man who occupies the White House." Before the disillusionment of the Depression altered the public view, Mellon was everywhere praised as the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton. When he first came to Washington, summoned in 1921 by President Harding, few people had heard of him. Newspapers did not know his middle initial, never mind what it stood for. They reported he was resigning the directorship of two companies. Actually he resigned from 60. In the ensuing years, however, the press came to realize how powerful he was. The *New York Herald Tribune* noted . . . "almost every American pursuing his everyday life was constantly contributing something to the upbuilding of that fortune and that power, for the Mellon group in the industrial realm reached out in myriad lines—to gas, coal, aluminum, coke, petroleum and all its byproducts, heat and power, iron and steel, glass and brick, transport by land, sea and air, finance, real estate, and a thousand derivatives of machine-age fundamentals."

**W**ith the onset of the Depression, some of the rage and torment of the country turned violently on Mellon. Firebrand orators of Congress threatened him with impeachment. He was replaced in the Treasury, and Hoover sent him to England as ambassador. After the Roosevelt victory in 1932, Mellon retired from public life, but not from the public eye. He was charged with defrauding the government of \$3 million in income taxes. A grand jury refused to indict him on criminal charges, but protracted tax-board hearings, that had an almost sinister air, followed. Mellon was a frail man nearing 80 when he took the stand in his own defense. He was cleared—three months after his death in 1937.

Surprisingly, it was during the 1930s, through the bitter tax hearings, that Andrew Mellon was quietly making plans to give the country the largest single gift it has ever received. While in Washington he became aware that the United States, unlike the ranking nations of Europe, owned no national art collection. As a young man traveling abroad with another Pittsburgh youth—Henry Clay Frick—Mellon had been attracted to paintings. His family and friends considered it an "unaccountable aberration" when he arrived home from one of these trips with a picture that had cost \$1,000. As his wealth increased, Mellon invested in old masters and in the grand but unemotional English paintings of Gauguin, Rembrandt, Romney and Reynolds. Portraits of aristocrats hung on the walls of his homes and he told one friend, "They are good company when I dine alone." Paul Mellon recalls those elegant painted figures "very urbane and always self-confident in their classical landscapes and autumnal parklands, smiling down at me with what seemed a warm and friendly glow."

Andrew Mellon would not buy a picture that did not personally suit his taste. He returned a fine Raphael mere-

ly because it did not give him pleasure. But once he had decided to form a collection that would provide a nucleus for a National Gallery he made his purchases with less of an idiosyncratic eye. He sought first-rank paintings that would illustrate the spectrum of style in Western art. In 1930 and 1931 he purchased 21 masterpieces from the Soviet government, which was secretly selling treasures from the Hermitage for needed cash. In the group were paintings by Rembrandt, Titian, Botticelli, Goya, El Greco and Holbein, but the prize was Raphael's *The Alba Madonna*, which alone cost Mellon \$1,166,400. (The picture was acquired about 1510 by the Duke of Alba; later the Duchess gave it to her doctor in payment for a bill.) The extent of Mellon's purchases—\$6 million—was not disclosed until 1935, in the course of the tax hearings.

In December 1936 Mellon offered President Roosevelt and the nation a \$71 million gift: his art collection, valued then at \$50 million, another \$16 million to build the National Gallery and a \$5 million endowment fund to provide for future purchases. Mellon stipulated that the museum not bear his name. The gift was accepted, although Congress viewed it suspiciously for months.

The Gallery opened in 1941, and since then it has received sizable donations from the Mellon family and foundations. Son Paul and daughter Ailsa Mellon Bruce donated \$20 million in 1967 to add a new wing and expand the Gallery's extension service which lends paintings and sends traveling exhibits to 3,000 U.S. communities.

Not long ago Paul Mellon received a letter from a girl in Ann Arbor, Mich. She explained she had been in Washington for the November Moratorium march and had not believed the Gallery could truly be "for all the people." But she, like thousands of other college students, had rested and "caught up on sleep there." She thanked Mellon, and her letter gave him considerable pleasure.

Paul Mellon was born when his father was 52. Andrew Mellon had married late in life and he took his sprightly British wife, half his age, to live in a gloomy Victorian house in Pittsburgh. Paul remembers it as being "very dark—the halls were dark, the walls were dark and, outside, Pittsburgh itself was very dark." But the summers of his childhood were spent in England, and young Mellon was fascinated by the panorama of pre-World War I Britain. Red and blue railway cars rushed through the countryside, scarlet-clad soldiers played bugle and drums, ladies twirled parasols and Mellon remembers, "always behind them and behind everything the grass was green, green, green."

Each autumn the idyll would end and the Mellon family would return to Pittsburgh. The melancholy life there depressed his mother and when Paul was 5 his parents were divorced. Paul remained in the sober old house with his father, his 11-year-old sister and a Boston spinster who was employed as her companion. When he was 12 he

continued

was sent to Choate in Wallingford, Conn. There he developed a taste for literature and wrote the words for the school hymn that is still used. "I used to write poetry," Mellon explains. "They had just built a new chapel and I don't know whether I was feeling very religious or whether I thought it was a good way to win the Sixth Form poetry prize. I can still remember being alone at night in a classroom and writing the verse on the blackboard."

*From dreams and visions, heaven-sent,  
From simple faith and Godly trust  
Great empires, too, each continent,  
Has risen from the dust.*

*To those who saw, their spare arise,  
This composition out of night  
Is like a light from Christ's own eye,  
A glimpse of Christ's own thought . . .*

Years later I found the poem posted in the school hymnal and the boys singing it. But I never received the poetry prize. Instead, they gave me the most insulting thing—a leather-bound biography of Lincoln with the inscription, "For earnest and persistent effort."

From Choate, Mellon went on to Yale. He continued his literary efforts, writing for the *Yale Daily News* and interviewing, among other people, Calvin Coolidge. Mellon's predilection for England and her culture grew and, as he puts it, he turned into a "galloping Anglophile," both literally and figuratively. He considered going into the publishing business or perhaps teaching. His father, who must have been a little horrified at either thought, agreed to let him study history for a year at Cambridge, and Mellon managed to put in two before being summoned home to take part in the family businesses in Pittsburgh. During those years in Cambridge he used to walk across the quadrangle in a dressing gown in the rain to take a bath, but this did not dampen his ardor for England one bit. In fact he recalls the hardship fondly. On his way to England on the boat Mellon had met some foxhunting Pennsylvanians. At their suggestion he decided to try the sport. "I had never hunted before," he says, "and barely could jump. I didn't know a thing about foxhunting except what I had read in books. But I went to Leicestershire, hired a horse and tried it." He was so pleased with the experience that he began keeping a horse in a livery stable in Cambridge and started foxhunting regularly. He would put his horse in a boxcar, ride the train into Huntingdonshire or Lincolnshire, take the horse off and hack maybe 15 miles to a farmers' meet. Soon Mellon was paying regular visits to a bookstore in Pall Mall to buy sporting books. He purchased his first sporting painting, a Stubbs portrait of a racehorse named Pumpkin. Though Mellon has bought maybe 4,500 British paintings and drawings since, the picture remains his favorite.

In part because his father was Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Paul was a figure of public interest. Newspapersmen were continually seeking interviews with young Mellon. Asked about his future, he once blurted out: "I do not think that I would be a great success as a banker or industrialist. Commerce and banking hold no particular interest for me . . . Other members of my family . . . are better fitted than I am to look after the family interests." But in December 1931, his father's arm around him, he went to work in the Mellon National Bank. The press was present to record his first day. "I'm going to learn the banking business," he said. What about your literary ambitions? reporters asked. "That's old stuff," he dutifully replied. After three years in the bank it was evident that Paul's interests were elsewhere. He left to people more adept and inclined the responsibility for the family holdings in Gulf Oil (25%), Alcoa (30%), Koppers (20%), Carborundum (20%) and the bank (40%).

**M**eanwhile Mellon began foxhunting in Gloucestershire and Wiltshire each winter. He married Mary Conover Brown, an ebullient Kansas City divorcee, and bought his first racehorse. The horse, an Irish jumper named Drimmore Lad, won his first outing, a hunt-meeting event worth \$285. The sport was tweedy and genteel. A man's trainer and jockey were his friends and foxhunting companions. Drimmore Lad became a celebrated performer on this circuit and was considered good enough to be sent to England to prepare for the Aintree Grand National. Twice he was made favorite for the race, but he never started in it. A heart condition interrupted his training at crucial times and eventually caused his retirement. Mellon brought him home and, later, rode him foxhunting. The horse achieved further fame of sorts during World War II when one of Mellon's friends named his tank Drimmore Lad.

Mellon became a familiar figure at point-to-point races in England and the U.S., enjoying the camaraderie of such occasions and the intense, if amateur, competition. One lady recalls him in a pink hunting coat doing cartwheels down the table at a pre-race dinner. He finished by leaping up to the chandelier, and he brought it and the house down with the performance.

After the outbreak of World War II, Mellon enlisted as a private. He was sent to the cavalry school at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he was nicknamed Canteleoue. Within a few months he was made an instructor in the horsemanship department; he gave two-hour lectures in the care and preservation of leather, and riding lessons. After a year Mellon wangled an assignment with the OSS in England. He makes light of his military career ("At one point I was sent to Cheltenham as assistant to the general running victory gardens") but came out of the war a major.

In 1946 his first wife died of an asthmatic attack after a

*continued*



New golf shoes don't always feel as good as they look.



## So we made Aztran.

Golf shoes made of Aztran® never need breaking in. So you get instant comfort. And while shoes of Aztran keep that comfortable fit, they keep their good looks, too. Aztran's durable finish resists scuffs and stains. And wipes to a shine with just a damp cloth. It's water-repellent, too! Par Pals by Dunham's uses Aztran for both men's and women's golf shoes. Try a pair for golf shoes that feel as good as they look.

**AZTRAN®**

(STANDARD) 100th Anniversary

\*Registered trademark for BT Gardner was made permission granted



Par Pals Golf Shoes of Aztran

# BOLENS HUSKYS FOR 1970...



**Built with  
"Big Tractor" ideas  
to cut any lawn  
and garden job  
down to size.**

Your hands never leave the steering wheel! Because one foot pedal controls forward, reverse, and power braking . . . automatically. We call it a hydromatic transmission. You'll call it wonderful.

"Big Tractor" ideas put Bolens Huskys in front of the rest of the pack. Look one over and you'll see why. Job-designed features. Time and work-saving conveniences. Rugged construction wherever you look. (After all, they've got a name to live up to . . . Husky.) Eight champions in the Husky breed—from 7 to 14 hp. See them at your helpful Bolens Husky dealer.



**BOLENS**

BOLENS DIVISION, EMB CORP., DAYTON, OH 45424

The Bolens Husky team . . . Compact tractors  
• riding and walking power mowers  
• tillage • snow blowers • snowmobiles

day's foxhunting. Mellon had two small children, Catherine (now the wife of John Warner, Under Secretary of the Navy) and Timothy (presently pursuing a career in city planning in New Haven). Two years later he remarried. His second wife is Rachel Lambert Lloyd, an heiress to the Listerine fortune.

In the late 1940s Mellon began to make sizable investments in thoroughbreds, buying expensive animals in England and Kentucky. His first flat horse of any stature was County Delight, a good handicapper in the early 1950s. In those days Mellon enjoyed making small wagers on his horses. On one well-remembered occasion his trainer at the time, James E. Ryan, decided to make a special effort to please the boss. Mellon owned a 2-year-old of considerable ability that had never raced. Ryan took the colt to Saratoga but only worked him out on foggy mornings. The clockers never really saw the horse, who was faster than anyone believed. For the colt's final pre-race workout Ryan routed his jockey and his own children out of bed at 3 a.m. The Ryan children were given flashlights and stationed at the furlong markers around the track. They were instructed to flash on the lights when the colt, ironically named Shining, passed in the dark. The final workout went successfully, and the horse won its race at a tidy 10 to 1. Unfortunately, in the excitement of his betting coup, Jim Ryan forgot something. Mellon could not get to the track that day and asked Ryan to place a \$200 bet for him. After saddling up Shining, Ryan rushed to the window and placed his own bet, but forgot he had to bet for Mellon, too. When Mellon, thoroughly elated, called later in the evening, Ryan suddenly realized his error—and that he was out \$2,000.

Now, as then, Mellon leaves the operation of his racing stable up to his trainer, seldom interfering. Once he did give instructions that a yearling was to be bought "at any price," but on that occasion Mellon was angry. He was staying in England at a small old-fashioned hotel in Searborough just before the yearling sales at Newmarket. He heard an obnoxious man declaring loudly that he would buy such-and-such a horse, no matter what it cost—that no one had the money to outbid him. The man so offended Mellon that he decided to buy the animal. It cost him \$50,000 and it died before getting to the races.

Mellon's best investments during the 1950s were in broodmares and his Virginia farm, Rokeby, gradually became a ranking stud. It was a quality operation from the beginning. The broodmare barn was the scene of Cathy Mellon's coming-out party, shrimps were served in one stall, hamburgers in another and the dancing was in the yard. Of course, with all the decorations, the two orchestras and the fireworks set off in their pasture, the horses wouldn't have recognized the place.

A sheaf of wheat serves as a crest for the Mellon farm, and indeed the crops of horses that come from it are rich and bountiful. Among his 50 mares are several who have

proven their quality on racecourses—Blue Banner, Admiring, Amerigo Lady, Prides Profile, Secret Step, Berkeley Springs. There is a daughter of the superb Quill, the dam of Fort Marcy, sisters and half sisters to Oaks winners and champions like Quadrangle, Raise A Native and My Dear Girl. But the gold-star mother of the lot is All Beautiful, who cost Mellon \$175,000 and six weeks later produced Arts and Letters. Her second foal, the lightly raced Bell Bird, is a Triple Crown hopeful this season. Since 1964 when Elliott Burch trained Quadrangle to win the Belmont Stakes—Mellon's first classic victory—the stable has had increasing success. Fort Marcy beat Damascus in the 1967 Washington, D.C. International and became Grass Horse of the Year. And last season after narrowly losing the Kentucky Derby and Preakness to Majestic Prince, Arts and Letters became invincible and took home half a million dollars and every title in sight.

Mellon may be retiring in all other matters, but his horses bring out the ham in him. He flanks himself as something of a poor man's Ogden Nash, but usually restricts circulation of his original verse to family and friends. However, he composed a poem to be read at the Thoroughbred Racing Association's dinner honoring Fort Marcy as 1968's top grass horse:

*"Dear Boss: I am flattered and honored  
By the news you have sent me today  
And I hope you'll accept in my absence  
My award from the T.R.A.*

*As I browse through my field in Virginia  
And muse, at the close of the day  
Once again they will give me a medal  
Made of silver. Although it isn't buy,*

*It will spur me to new fields to conquer  
And sharpen my search for renown  
And with Elliott Burch as my tutor  
You can bet that I won't let you down.*

*So hi big on next year's Dr. Fingers  
Your C cars, your Sir Hares and all  
And when you're collected your wagers  
I'll have paid for my outs and my stall.*

*And regards to my friends and advisers  
From LA to the Bronx and Casuarne  
Your loyal retainer  
Your endless campaigner  
Your pal, Yours sincerely, Fort Marcy."*

Anyone working for Mellon finds it convenient to be similarly well-versed. The secretaries at his farm, Miss Tross and Miss Rye, dispatched the following telegram to him in England after Fort Marcy won the International: **NOX-**

continued

BY COLORS FLYING HIGH SAY THE SAME FOR TROSS AND RYE. The cable received a quick reply that read: THE AFFILIATE OF RYE AND TROSS IS FAR DISTANTLY BY THE BINS WHATEVER STATE OF JOY THEY OWE IN IS MORE THAN MATCHED BY MR. MELLON.

Besides indulging in poetic exercises Mellon finds his personal sport in more conventional ways. An enthusiastic foxhunter, he rides with a local pack two days a week and nearly every winter still goes to England to hunt with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds in Gloucestershire or the Middleton in Yorkshire. In the first 10 minutes of his first day's sport in England last year, he found himself sliding down his mare's neck, headlong into a ditch filled with three feet of water. His hat floated away, but Mellon surfaced, wiped himself off and remounted. "It was embarrassing," he says, "and it was desperately cold. I wanted to go home but I thought they'd say I was afraid of their ditches. And actually I *was* afraid because the mare disliked jumping them. But finally it got so cold I didn't care what they thought and I left."

Mellon is far more skilled than this tale of woe suggests. Twice he has won the difficult 100-Mile Ride held each spring over the mountains in Hot Springs, Va. He trains rigorously for the event and the two silver bowls he has won in the competition are prominently displayed in his study: the Belmont trophy, The Jockey Club Gold Cup and similar prizes won by his racehorses are eviled in his private museum. With considerable annoyance Mellon says he "was robbed of first place last year in the 100-Mile Ride. My horse had it absolutely won, but they gave him second. Later I found that one of the judges was a close friend of the winners of three divisions in the event."

Mellon is proud of at least one other athletic achievement. Pushed to it by a bet, he once climbed up seven feet and neatly tucked himself into the top row of his bookshelves. He has a photograph to prove it, but to date no verse commemorates the occasion.

The Mellons' Virginia home is a whitewashed stone farmhouse. Logs burn in the fireplaces on a winter afternoon and the sun streams through the French windows. The house has a serenity and peace. It is the handiwork of Mrs. Mellon, a gentle artist of house and garden. A visitor is impressed at first by nothing so much as the sub-

dued harmony. But a closer look discloses a Van Gogh over the fireplace and another of the artist's works in a corner. Degas, Constable, Manet, Monet—they are all here—a Corot inside a cupboard, a Seurat drawing behind the telephone. Every picture in the room is a masterpiece. They have to be—as one art historian puts it, "Masterpieces only tolerate masterpieces around them." Mellon tells of a classmate of his stepdaughter Eliza who came to lunch, looked up at a Van Gogh and asked, "Oh, who paints in the family?" Not a bit taken aback, Eliza replied, "No one here. I'd buy them in the store."

The Mellons began collecting French Impressionist and post-Impressionist works soon after their marriage. There was hardly an important auction in London, Paris or New York at which their agents did not buy something. But never was the Mellon name connected with the purchases—\$800,000 for Cézanne's *Houses in Provence*,

\$317,000 for Manet's *La Rue Mosnier*, \$210,000 for Gauguin's *La Ronde des Trois Bicyclettes*, \$249,000 for Manet's *Madame Gambi*. Other paintings were bought privately. The quality and scope of this personal collection astonished the art world when Mellon permitted the paintings to be exhibited at the 25th anniversary of the National Gallery. There were some 200 paintings in all, gathered from Mellon's houses at Cape Cod, New York, Washington, Virginia and Antigua.

Most of the canvases reflect their owners' preoccupations—Mellon's interest in horses and the countryside and his wife's in gardening. In a tweed skirt and floppy sun hat made for her by Balenciaga, Mrs. Mellon works indefatigably among her cabbages, beets and radishes, and she has been found with her trowel working in some other notable gardens. Soon after Jack Kennedy moved into the White House he appealed to Mrs. Mellon to make him a garden near his office. An amateur landscaper of professional skill, she supervised the planting of a traditional 18th-century American garden. Her layout had beauty, reason and utility. The President became known for giving visiting statesmen "the Rose Garden treatment." There were beds of herbs for the White House kitchen and flowers for cutting. A memento of those days, a large scrapbook that Jackie made for her and filled with pressed flowers, is in Mrs. Mellon's garden library, along with a botanical guide that



In his museum Mellon stores the famous Degas easel pictures.

George Washington once used. It was Mrs. Mellon who was asked to landscape Jack Kennedy's grave—and at her suggestion rough fieldstones and wildflowers have been laid over it, reminders of the Cape Cod landscape the President loved.

Lady Bird Johnson sought Mrs. Mellon's advice about the White House gardens but Pat Nixon has not. "Now I work around the White House surreptitiously," Mrs. Mellon says. "The bulbs have to be ordered, the soil has to be changed and the trees have to be planted for the next President. Gardens aren't political."

Mrs. Mellon happens to be a Democrat, and a rather ardent one, much to her husband's amusement. He is a major contributor to the Republican Party and Mrs. Mellon has found herself sitting on Mr. Nixon's right at party fund-raising dinners.

Mellon does not share his wife's penchant for gardening, contenting himself with his books. On a shelf of his study he keeps illuminated works of the poet-artist William Blake. The hand-colored volumes that Blake's wife stitched into bindings and tried, usually unsuccessfully, to sell for five shillings, are now rare and treasured. Mellon owns the only copy of Blake's greatest poem, *Jerusalem*, which the poet printed and colored. In 1827 Blake made this single copy—"it will cost twenty guineas," he wrote at the time. "... but it is not likely that I shall get a customer for it." Mellon purchased the book for \$60,000.

On other shelves are extraordinary sporting books, which he has been collecting ever since leaving Cambridge in 1931. It is *Arts and Letters* that made Mellon prominent in sporting circles recently, but his remarkable library will assure him a place in the sporting world for years to come. The books record gentlemanly feats and portray a glorious time in sport. There are kennel records of 18th-century British fox hunts, and the minutes and results of long forgotten race meetings. Yellowing, fly-stained manuals that were used two centuries ago discuss proper methods of horseshoeing. One pocket-sized work is entitled, *Ten Minutes Advice to Every Gentleman Going to Purchase a Horse out of a Dealer, Jockey or Groom's Stables*. Published in Philadelphia in 1787, it gives "rules for discovering the perfections and blemishes of that noble animal," seeks to guard the unwary from deceptions and instructs the amateur in ways of recognizing "commonly jades." The Mellon books cover a wide range. *The Laws of Drinking*, which dates from 1617, considers such problems as "Whether we may drink the Pope's health." "What is to be done if where all drink of one tankard it so happen that one chance in his drinking to sneeze," and whether a gentleman who "forcibly puts his hand into a maid's bosom may be sued for a trespass."

Like any book collector, Mellon has an appreciation for the tooled bindings. He could spend an hour in front of the shelves showing an interested visitor this book and that one. The library in his study is limited by space and

his special interests, but across the fields in the Brick House, where he lived with his first wife, is a collection of 20,000 books, as rare as those of any other private library in the world.

In that house, now turned into a private gallery, a librarian and staff work steadily, cataloguing Mellon's purchases and reverently handling medieval books executed while there was still a Roman Empire. Illustrations in a French work on hunting show the pursuit of hares, stags and boars in the 1400s. A copy of the first printed work on sport, a book nearly 500 years old, has woodcuts reminiscent of medieval liturgical art. A preponderance of the books deal with the life, literature and customs of England. There is a first edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and 16 volumes (including the first) published by William Caxton, England's first printer. No other private collector owns so many Caxtons. There are atlases printed in Elizabethan England (towns are marked but no roads), the first English book on architecture (1611), one of the earliest treatises on English gardens (c. 1645) and trade manuals and pattern books that workmen used in the 16th century. From these, local craftsmen learned how to carve or paint different birds, animals, plants and trees. Other volumes deal with the construction of stagecoaches, railroads, ceilings, furniture, porcelain, some record the travels of Englishmen and the sights they saw, from palace ruins on the Ganges to frontier Kansas City. In its diversity the library broadly documents 17th-, 18th- and 19th-century British culture, and this wealth of scholarship has been promised to Yale. In 1966 Mellon announced he would give the college the books, his British art collection and \$12 million to build and maintain what will be known as the Paul Mellon Center for British Art and British Studies. (Earlier he donated several million dollars toward Yale's purchase of the Boswell papers.) The value of the British paintings and books was put at \$35 million. But Mellon's desire to conserve historic and lovely things persists and, almost daily, additions are made to the Yale gift. When the Brick House was turned into a library and gallery several years ago, Mellon told the architect he would be buying very few more books—just put in a few extra shelves. Since then he has acquired so many additional books and paintings that he was forced to buy another house up the street from his Washington home, and now it too is filled. In storage are most of his John Constable paintings (he owns 70) and many of his J.M.W. Turners (he has 30, a private collection that is unequalled). And four galleries in the museum are hung with Impressionist paintings on loan from the Mellons. An art critic and longtime Mellon friend once said, "Collecting is a kind of disease and thus, to some extent, evades rational examination."

Mellon's British art, more than 1,000 oils and more than 3,000 watercolors and drawings, rivals the British national collection hanging in the Tate. The Mellon pictures were first exhibited in 1963 at Virginia's Museum of Fine Arts, and

*continued*

*The Times* dispatched its art critic to Richmond. He reported enthusiastically, "This is a collection that has been made from both the head and the heart, brought together with intense personal feeling and pleasure."

The elegant portraits painted in the 18th century by Gainsborough and Romney do not appeal in Mellon. Instead, his taste is for the intimate landscapes and animal pictures, works of informality that reflect the country life of the period. In the early 1700s the first of the great country houses of England were built and the owners commissioned pictures to commemorate their estates, horses, dogs and servants. The tastes and enthusiasms of this gentry are chronicled in the Mellon collection. James Seymour's *The Chase Match* (c. 1750), which hangs in the Mellon dining room in Upperville, commemorates a bet made by the Earl of March and the Earl of Eglintoun with an Irishman, Count Taaffe. The earls wagered 1,000 guineas that a four-wheeled carriage with four horses and an occupant could be driven 19 miles in an hour. To win their wager they had a London coach builder design a special light chaise with a harness of silk. The horses took only 53 minutes 23 seconds to go the 19 miles.

**T**he genre fascinates and absorbs Mellon—paintings that show farmyards, lanes, an archery meet, boys fishing, a man carrying faggots, a hunter with his groom, sportsmen with guns and dogs, bewigged gentlemen dining in their clubs, horse races, coursing parties. His collection ranges from William Hogarth to Turner, roughly 100 years. Mellon particularly likes the works of George Stubbs (1724-1806), who produced studies of horses that no artist has ever matched. He received as much for his thoroughbred portraits as Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds did to paint lords. And there were some noblemen who had Reynolds paint them and Stubbs their horse on the same canvas. So extraordinarily alive are Stubbs' thoroughbreds that a story is told of a stallion who charged the life-size portrait Stubbs was doing of him.

Mellon owns 35 of the artist's paintings and keeps them in the Brick House where he can see them often. Viewing them in this place of tranquillity, Mellon seems particularly happy. Two or three times a week he can be found in his private gallery and he gets wistful when he thinks of the pictures being shipped off to Yale. "Maybe they will let me keep a few of my favorites for a while," he says. The house is quiet and there is only his hesitating step on the wood floors. From the walls, a hound, head tilted, looks questioningly at Mellon. A broodmare whinnies after a foal. A disreputable 18th-century jockey casts a cold glance. Stable lads pose their horses.

Mellon goes to the second floor where he removes a green velvet rope from the entrance to a small room. Here are the

finest pieces of his collection, including the wax models from which the Degas bronzes—ones that museums like the Metropolitan and the Louvre display and cherish—were cast. Degas said he would not take the responsibility of leaving anything behind him in bronze, that metal was for eternity. When he started losing his eyesight he began sculpting, and sought in clay and wax the angular beauty in the movement of horses and dancers. "A horse is a wonderful piece of mechanism," he once said. During his lifetime Degas exhibited only one of his sculptures, *La Petite Danseuse de Quatorze Ans*. The wax ballerina outraged critics at the Impressionist Exhibit in Paris in 1881. Now she stands in Mellon's private museum.

The wax horses, Degas' fingerprints showing on their hides, lunge and gallop on the shelves of Mellon's gallery. Since he was a self-taught sculptor, Degas' figures sometimes cracked under his fingers, or limbs fell off. One of the wax horses has a broken neck, apparently suffered years ago in the artist's studio. Only a skeleton of wire sustains the head. A handyman at the farm, when he saw the horse, offered to fix it. Mellon thanked him but declined.

These marvelous waxes embody Mellon's two vital interests, art and horses. When the British books and paintings go to Yale, these will remain behind, not bad company for a retirement. Mellon talks about that time, of coming to Virginia permanently and settling in the paneled library with his books. The ours he won in his crewing days at Cambridge hang high on the wall. The trophies won by his thoroughbreds stand about. And a friend has given him an antique "gout" chair, in case he develops a game leg. He has bought himself a miniature stable—four horses stand in it. A groom sitting in a chair reads a newspaper. Bridles hang from pegs; buckets stand at a well; liniment bottles, brushes and currycombs lie on a counter. A light switches on in the loft and there are cats and mice, no bigger than a fingernail, scurrying through the straw. Mellon picks up inch-long ruh rags that lie on the tack-room floor. "I must get these washed," he says, ever the fastidious horseman. This miniature world, so beautifully proportioned, charms Mellon.

Indeed, proportion is the prime quality he values—in art and nature and life. Some years ago Mellon spoke at a private-school graduation. He told the students "... There is an inherent duty [in life] to be aware, to do something, to care. The only thing that I want to add... is something I think many people tend to subtract. This is the element of, the principle of, pleasure... To see, to hear, to smell, to taste, to feel—these are privileges all too often neglected, or even forgotten in our preoccupation with being students or writers or business people or lawyers or critics, or even mothers and fathers... At least part of the purpose of life is enjoyment."

Personally, Paul Mellon seems to have achieved the balance he has sought in life, and if he has the pot of gold, he also has the rainbow.

END



## Sizes up the whole family.

No matter how many shapes and sizes your family comes in, with GM's Tilt-Wheel everybody can get an instant fit for really comfortable steering. Just move it up or down to accommodate your particular size. And what it does for easy fit, it does for easy entry and exit. Try GM's Swinging Tilt-Wheel for size at your

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile or Buick dealer's. Cadillac and larger Oldsmobile models offer "family-size" Tilt & Telescope Steering. Saginaw Steering Gear Division, Saginaw, Michigan.

**The Swinging Wheel  
from General Motors**



# YOURS TO ENJOY FOR 10 DAYS FREE- GREAT SPANISH MUSIC

AN EXCITING 4-RECORD ALBUM AND BEAUTIFULLY  
ILLUSTRATED BOOK FROM TIME-LIFE RECORDS

Now you and your family can discover the delights of Spanish music in an enjoyable experiment—at Time-Life Records' risk and expense.

Just mail the attached postpaid card and we will send you without obligation a magnificent book-and-record album of Spanish songs and dances—you *listen* to and examine *free* for 10 days! No matter how "ordinary" you may consider your taste in music, we believe you'll discover you can appreciate and *enjoy* great music if you learn *how* to listen to it . . . and *understand* it. And the secret to understanding this great Spanish music is in the beautifully illustrated Time-Life book, "The Spanish Style," that comes with the four records...and gives you the background of the music, the composers, the country itself.

## THE SPANISH SPIRIT

When you receive your album, browse through the colorfully illustrated book, "The Spanish Style," especially written to give you an insight into Spain's art, her history and her people . . . into the heart of the Spanish *spirit* . . . so that you can fully appreciate the melodies and rhythms that make Spanish music so captivating.

Then listen to this exciting music. You'll thrill to the exhilarating rhythms of flamenco dances, the haunting melody of gypsy guitars, the curling of a dreamy Spanish folk song on the breeze. You'll discover that the heart of this marvelous music is in the unique blend of melody and rhythm that makes Spanish music perhaps the most *enjoyable* music in the world—never pretentious or heavy, always stirring or exciting. You'll get the "feel" of the Spanish style . . . from the supple rhythms of the tango to the clashing of castanets and shouts of "Olé, Olé" which are part of the music itself.

In addition to the records and book, you'll also receive a "Listener's Guide" that adds to your enjoyment and understanding of the music by telling you how the music came to be composed, how it's played and what to listen for.

## AN EXCEPTIONAL OFFER

Once you listen to these records and read the book, we believe you'll want to keep this superb album in your house—to enjoy again and again.

If you do decide to keep it, you'll have another pleasant surprise. This magnificent Spanish music is on Angel Records, considered by many collectors to be the finest recordings made. You might expect to pay up to \$20 for the records alone. But because of the large pressing made especially for Time-Life Records, you get the complete 4-record stereo album (playable on both stereo and modern monaural phonographs), plus the book, plus the "Listener's Guide," at an unbelievably low price—only \$12.95 (plus postage and handling). And remember, you can't buy this album at any price in a store. It's available only through Time-Life Records.

## ENJOY OTHER GREAT MUSIC

"The Spanish Style" is the introductory book-and-record album in a special series called "The Story of Great Music," which will give you and your family a new appreciation of the world's greatest music. If you subscribe, these albums will be shipped to you, *on approval*, every second month. Any album may be returned, and you may cancel your free audition privilege at any time. You risk nothing. And we believe you'll gain a lifetime of new listening pleasure . . . by discovering that you *really* are a family that enjoys and appreciates truly great music.

Fill out and mail the attached postpaid card today.

## *The Spanish Style*

\* UNFORGETTABLE MUSIC by de Falla, Bizet, Granados, Albéniz, Chabrier, Turina, Victoria.

\* GYPSY SONGS AND DANCES

\* 36 SELECTIONS—captivating melodies from "Carmen," "The Three-Crowned Hat," "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," and many more Spanish favorites.

TIME-LIFE RECORDS, TIME & LIFE BUILDING,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611







**VICTOR** plays no favorites.

We have one quality standard. So, the same welding and cutting apparatus we make by the thousands for the professionals . . . also goes into our 3 complete outfits. This way you can save money and look like a professional, too. And most people do.

Victor outfits start at less than \$100 and are available through your favorite welding supply store . . . our Authorized Victor Distributors. All 3 outfits include everything you need for welding, cutting, brazing, soldering, hard-facing, priming, straightening, etc. For light-duty, The Performer; for medium-duty, The Super-Range; for heavy-duty, The Journeyman.

VICTOR WELDING & CUTTING DIVISION • DENTON • TEXAS





**Sports Illustrated**

**all  
pro  
posters**

**2 feet x 3 feet ★ \$1.50 each**

**12 of the greatest pro hockey  
and basketball stars!**



Please send me the posters I've checked on the right at \$1.50 each or at our special offer of 4 for \$6.00 (and \$1.25 for each additional poster.) I have indicated how many of each I want.

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_for\_\_\_\_\_posters.

☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order

NOTE: a poster order under \$3 must include 50¢ for postage and handling.

These full color posters are shipped in crush-proof tubes, and are rolled to prevent creasing.

**Sports Illustrated**  
P.O. Box 411  
Norristown, Pa. 19404

name (please print)

address

city

state

zip

NAME

AMT.

NAME

AMT.

280 EARL MONROE Baltimore

1201 BOBBY ORR Boston

380 JOHN HAYLICK Boston

290 BOBBY HULL Chicago

701 WILT CHAMBERLAIN L.A.

380 GORDY HOWE Detroit

680 LEW ALCINDOR Milwaukee

680 GUMP WORSLEY Montreal

991 BILL BRADLEY New York

791 ED GIACOMINI New York

1291 ELVIN KAPES San Diego

1191 RED BEREKSON St. Louis

# Looking like a Winner! NEW **A-1** FORE 'N AFT SLACKS in Trevira.

The action man slacks enter the Trevira Era with A-1 FORE 'N AFT®—the newest in fashion slacks!

Button front, smartly flared, hidden pockets fore and aft put A-1 FORE 'N AFT® slacks out front, looking like a winner.

A-1 FORE 'N AFT® slacks are available in no-iron fabrics of 50% Trevira Polyester and 50% cotton. \$8.50.



**A-1**

A-1 KOTZIN 1300 Santee Street, Los Angeles, California 90015  
San Francisco Showrooms: 821 Market Street #751  
Chicago Merchandise Mart, Room 823

Trevira® by Irylon Fibers Inc. Licensee of the internationally registered trademark.  
Copyright 1978—A-1 Kotzin Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

## BOOKTALK

Know who holds the piggyback-running record? This book should educate you.

*Irreducible Athletic Feats* (Hart Publishing Company, \$5.95) is an illustrated compilation of my childhood fantasies and those of most any other boy. As such, it is partly *Believe It Or Not*, partly *Superboy*, and partly a textbook on abnormal psychology.

Jim Benagh, who put the thing together, swears to the validity of the 125 feats he describes. And although some of the accomplishments boggle the mind, I accept them all. There is, after all, no undertaking so absurd that someone, somewhere, won't attempt it. In fact, as I made my way, pop-eyed, through the pages, I realized what a fine line separates those bores who are properly hatched and those who run around loose, setting records.

Some of the accomplishments noted are legitimate enough—such as DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak and Jesse Owens' fabulous hour on a day in 1935 when he broke three world records and tied another. But there are many other record breakers about whose motives and mental health you have to wonder. For instance, in 1896 a couple of clucks named Harbo and Samuelson rowed a boat across the Atlantic. Why? Because it was there?

And how about the unforgettable Mennen Ernst? He woke up one morning in Constantinople and decided it was a nice day for a walk. So, naturally, he walked to Calcutta, some 2,800 miles away. No sooner did he reach his destination than he turned around and walked home.

If you decide you'd like to be shot out of a cannon, be warned: the record already stands at 200 feet (are to cross the U.S.A., riding an 8½-foot-high unicycle? If you can't break 117 days, forget it.

The most curious achievement in the book is attributed to Noah Young, who once ran the mile on 8½ minutes, carrying a 150-pound man on his back. Here, as in his recounting of other feats, Benagh regrettably leaves the most arresting questions unanswered. Did Young know the fellow on his back? How did they get together? Did the man approach Young and request a piggyback ride or did Young, overcome one day by a strange compulsion, sidle up to a complete stranger and offer to trot him around the track?

I admire Mr. Benagh's attempt to be democratic. There is hardly a field of human endeavor he hasn't managed to shepherd into his book. He even has potato-sack contests and life-raft survivals. Had he been only slightly more diligent, however, I can't help feeling he would have found space for my own singularly incredible athletic feat. I once went two weeks without smoking—and never mentioned it to anyone.

BLIT PHILLIPY

**VICTOR**Distributors  
have the best ofeverything in welding supplies,  
including the 3 Victor outfits!

**ILLINOIS** — American Cryogenics, Countryside; Burdett Oxygen Co. of Cleveland, Chicago, Chicago Welding Sales, Chicago, Joint Welding Supply, Joliet, Kankakee Welding & Supply, Kankakee; Rockford Cylinder Gas, Rockford, U.S. Welders Supply, Skokie, Valley Welding Supply, Aurora, Victor Welding Supply, Chicago, Central Welding Supply, Quincy, D.R. Welding Supply, Decatur, Smealor, The Daley Co., Melrose, Depko Welding Supplies, Danville, Gano Welding Supplies, Charleston, Ilhwa Welding Supplies, Peoria, Mid-East Supply & Machine, Fairfield, Moore Welding Supply, Peoria, National Welding Supply, Bloomington, Para Iron Store, Pana, R & R Welding Supply, Rock Island, State Welding Supply, Rosemont, Minn Welding, Benton, **INDIANA** — Hobart Welder Sales & Eng., Gary, Burdett Oxygen Co. of Cleveland, Beechgrove, Wayne Welding, Ft. Wayne, Indiana Oxygen, Indianapolis, The Hensch Co., Evansville, Johnson Welding Supply, Terre Haute, Industrial Welding Gases, Vincennes, **IOWA** — Cook's Welders Supply, Ripon, Harry Alter and Son, Davenport, Engr Welding Equipment, Des Moines, Hansen Welders Supply, Clinton, Kessler Distributing Co., Fairfield, Ottumwa R & R Welding Supply, Des Moines, Sisco Machinery & Supply, Sioux City, **KANSAS** — Allen Welding Equipment, Wichita, Brown Welding Supply, Salina, Kansas Welding, Hutchinson, Kneel Welding Supply, Topeka, Mid America Welding Supplies, Ft. Scott, Northwest Oxygen, Wichita, Plattner Welding Supplies, Coffeyville, Chanute, D.D. Richards Supply, Garnett, **MICHIGAN** — Acme Welding Supply, Kalamazoo, R's Welding Supplies, Jackson, American Cryogenics, Livonia, Ann Arbor Welding Supply, Ann Arbor, Burdett Oxygen Co. of Cleveland, Detroit, Ferguson Welding Supply, Berrien Harbor, Genesee Welding Supply, Flint, Lake Welding Supply, Holland, Muskegon, Lyman Welding Supply, Grand Rapids, Metro Welding Supply, Detroit, Northern Equipment, Grand Rapids, J.L. Oswald Co., Detroit, C.E. Phillips Co., Detroit, Smith Welding Supply and Equipment, Detroit, Standard Service & Supply, Iron Mountain, Valley Oxygen Co., Bay City, Welding Equipment & Supply, Detroit, Walworth Gas Products, Saginaw, **MINNESOTA** — Earl's Welding Supply, St. Cloud, Minnesota Welding Supply, Minneapolis, Mississippi Welders Supply, Winona, Northern Oxygen Service, Anoka, Northern States Supply, Wilmar, Oxygen Service Co., St. Paul, Walker Welding Supply, Duluth, **MISSOURI** — Senow, St. Louis, Independent Welding Co., St. Joseph, Industrial Tool & Supply, St. Louis, Fire Weld Inc., Cape Girardeau, Crystal City, Purcell Industrial Products, Kansas City, Rolla Welders Supply, Rolla, P.G. Walker & Son, Joplin, Springfield, **NEBRASKA** — Fuchs Machinery & Supply, Grand Island, Omaha, Lincoln Welding Supply Co., Lincoln, Midway Supply Co., Cedar, Lexington, Norfolk Auto Supply, Norfolk, Tri-State Supply Inc., Scottsbluff, **NORTH DAKOTA** — Dakota Welding & Supply, Bismarck, Evensen Welding Supply, Toga, Minot, H. F. Evensen Co., Grand Forks, K & K Welding Supply, Williston, W.W. Wallwork Fargo, Fargo, **OHIO** — General Welding Co., Bridgeport, Weldco, Cincinnati, Burdett Oxygen Co. of Cleveland, Cleveland, Columbus, Cosville, Findlay, Mansfield, Bowling, Youngstown, Barlett West Oxygen & Welding Supply, Cleveland, Gateway Oxygen & Welding Supply, Cleveland, Allen Oxygen, Akron, **SOUTH DAKOTA** — A.B. Welding Supply, Rapid City, Dakota Welding Supply, Huron, Sioux Falls, Watertown, **WISCONSIN** — Harris Colorific Sales, Milwaukee, Northern Oxygen Service, Eau Claire, Tri-State Welding Supply, Milwaukee, Valweld Inc., Appleton

## YESTERDAY

# Whatsamatter Ref, Ya Blind?

That's what the hockey fans in the NHL shouted at Bill Chadwick, who never told them they were half right by STAN FISCHLER

Chadwick, you bum, you're as blind as a bat!"

For 16 years, from 1939 to 1955, a haker with an upper-register decibel count hurled this specific charge at National Hockey League Referee Bill Chadwick from his seat in the reaches of Madison Square Garden. Each time Chadwick heard the critic yell he would chuckle to himself. Quietly, however, for he was not about to tell that fan—or anyone else if he could help it—that the charge was half true. As an official in one of the world's fastest major sports, Bill Chadwick was burdened with an astonishing handicap—he had vision in only his left eye. Following a freak hockey accident when he was 19 years old, he lost all the sight in the other.

"I was playing for an all-star amateur team from New York against a team from Boston," says Chadwick, who is now a Brooklyn businessman. "The other team was already on the ice practicing when we came out. I stepped one foot on the ice, when somebody shot the puck and hit me in the eye."

Doctors told the young athlete that he would never see again in his right eye, a prognosis that might have ended his career then and there. But less than six months later Chadwick won a position with the New York Rangers, a highly regarded farm team of the Rangers.

About a year and a half later, early in the 1937-38 season, Chadwick got hit in the other eye and was, momentarily, completely blind. "When the blood tracked into my eye and I couldn't see at all," he says, "I decided I had had enough hockey, at least as a player."

Within a few days Chadwick had regained full vision in his left eye, and a week later he was back in the Garden—but this time as a spectator only. When Tom Lockhart, president of the Eastern Amateur Hockey League, discovered that it was almost game time and that his regular referee had failed to arrive, he urged Chadwick to put

on his skates and handle the game.

"Lockhart knew I had vision in only one eye," says Chadwick, "but he didn't seem to care. I worked the game, and apparently he liked the job I did. He asked me to be a regular linesman in the Eastern League, and then he promoted me to referee."

Chadwick's officiating also impressed Red Dutton, then president of the New York Americans. Dutton recommended Chadwick to NHL President Frank Calder, and within four years the 22-year-old Chadwick was appointed as a full-time major league referee. It was obvious from the start that he would be a good one.

"Psychologically," Chadwick contends, "having only one good eye made me a better official because the problem was always on my mind. I know I was on top of the play in most cases, and I skated harder than the other guys."

Early in his career, however, Chadwick decided it would be imprudent to advertise his defect. He confided his secret to the six NHL club owners who, in turn, told their managers, but few—if any—players or fans were aware of it. Fortunately for Chadwick, his officiating was of such a high standard—he now is one of the few referees in Hockey's Hall of Fame—that nobody in a responsible position complained about his work from 1939 through the end of the regular 1944-45 season.

By that time Chadwick had become acknowledged as the game's most accomplished referee, and so, naturally, he was assigned to handle the seventh and final game of the 1945 Stanley Cup playoffs between the Detroit Red Wings and Toronto Maple Leafs at Olympia Stadium. The teams were tied 1-1 in the third period when Chadwick blew his whistle and signaled a penalty against a member of the home team.

"Gus Bodnar of the Leafs was behind his net," Chadwick recalls, "and Syd Howe of the Red Wings crows-

(continued)

## 44 LBS. OF LIFETIME FUN



### A 13' GRUMMAN CANOE

3 ribs • light weight • can take an outboard • factory equipped for a Grumman sailing rig. Read the lifetime guarantee! Only Grumman builds a 13' canoe like that!

Send for FREE new catalog,  
**GRUMMAN BOATS**  
SA-A  
Marathon, N. Y. 13803



The new ship... is spinning tops from studios. You'll want to learn to sail on this new ship. And the new Grumman... is a new type of boat. And the new Grumman... is a new type of boat. And the new Grumman... is a new type of boat.



# Shape up or poop out.



Boys and girls 10 to 17.  
Try out at school for the  
President's All American Team.  
It's a test of your all-around  
physical fitness.  
You have to run, jump, sit-up,  
pull-up and throw a softball.  
It's easy if you're in shape.  
Impossible if you're not.  
Can you make the  
President's All American Team?  
You'll never know unless you try out.

For information write:  
President's Council on Physical Fitness  
Washington D.C. 20201



With  
**The American  
Red Cross.**

## Blind Ref *continued*

checked him across the nose. There were only a few minutes left in the game when I gave Howe the penalty. While Howe was off, Bube Pratt of Toronto scored the winning goal, and the Leafs took the cup."

James Norris Sr., owner of the Red Wings, and his vitriolic manager, Jack Adams, never forgave Chadwick. Norris hounded him each year after that decision by demanding that he submit to an eye examination at the NHL office in Montreal.

"Frankly," says Chadwick, "I was glad that Norris and Adams were against me. In fact, it was the greatest thing that ever happened to me because, since they were against me the other five governors were for me. Nobody else in any way, shape or form let me know that I was working with only one good eye."

Chadwick was always concerned that some player might discover his handicap and needle him to distraction. He felt certain that the Red Wings, thanks to Jack Adams, must know he was unable to see out of one eye, yet none of the Detroit players ever hounded him. The same was true of Montreal and especially of the most petulant of all the Canadiens, Maurice Richard. The Rocket knew Chadwick's secret, yet never mentioned it to him.

There was one public leak about Chadwick's condition that might have been damaging had it escaped Detroit, where it originated. In 1942, shortly after the start of World War II, Chadwick was notified by Selective Service that he was to report for a physical at New York's Grand Central Palace, the Army's major induction center. It was near the end of the hockey season, and Chadwick requested a two-week delay to complete his playoff assignments. Somehow the news reached a Detroit hockey writer, Lew Walter, who wrote a short article for the *Detroit Times*. Chadwick remembers the headline: ONE-EYED REFEREE ASKS DEFERRAL.

Chadwick was rejected by the Army doctors, of course, and continued refereeing for thirteen more years, the longest refereeing career in NHL hockey. Despite his visual limitations, he never suffered a serious injury. He does admit to having committed many wrong calls, but so might any other honest ref. One of those goofs enflamed the Canadiens to score a key goal against the Boston Bruins in a Stanley Cup semifinal game.

Following the incident Lynn Patrick, the Bruins' manager, carpied at Chadwick until the referee finally wheeled and skated directly to the Boston bench.

"Lynn," Chadwick said, "I made a mistake I can't breathe in after it." Boston lost the game, and when it was over Patrick walked into the official's dressing room and told Chadwick he'd never criticize him again. "At least," said Patrick, "you were big enough to admit you made a mistake."

To this day, half-blind Bill Chadwick remains the only NHL referee to have been given a "night" as a tribute to his efficiency. He retired after the 1954-55 season at the age of 39, although several league officials tried to persuade him to continue.

"An athlete, whether he's a participant or an official," Chadwick explains, "should stop while he's on top. I did the right thing. I found that out nine years later when I was inducted into the Hall of Fame. I daresay that I got away with more on the ice—like giving Rocket Richard a pair of misconducts, one after another, in his home rink—than any of my compatriots because I had the players' respect."

Fans in several NHL cities had heard rumors from time to time that Chadwick had only one good eye, but beyond that story in the *Detroit Times* the report was never confirmed. The fans treated Chadwick with the same churlish respect accorded other NHL officials. He required police escorts to leave Chicago Stadium. He was hit with umbrellas in New York and just barely missed being struck by an airborne live octopus in Detroit.

Chadwick believes that part of his success was rooted in his ability to block out the knowledge of his deficiency. "Now I look back at the 16 years and wonder how I did it. I know if I had thought about it at the time I'd never have been able to do the job."

For the past three years Chadwick has been the color man on the New York Ranger radio broadcasts. He admits that he has, for the first time in his life, become involved as a fan. He unabashedly roots for the Rangers and has surprised himself several times by denouncing the quality of the officiating.

"It was most embarrassing," he says, "when I got out of my seat one night and discovered I had called the referee a blind so-and-so."

END

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BASKETBALL—NBA.** The success of the New York Knicks, slaying their last season ever and now out of the gates away from the Eastern Division crown, was reflected in the one million attendance record set this week inside hearing San Diego 107-100, the first big basketball arena to reach that mark in a regular season. Milwaukee, with a 3-1 week, secured at least a tie for second in the division as Lew Alcindor scored 32, 31, 39 and 38 points in the four games and strove his rookie season average to 28.4, two points higher than his college record. Western leader Atlanta melted two games ahead of Los Angeles after the Lakers lost 101-90 to the Hawks and 102-108 to the Celtics for a 3-2 week. Seattle kept both its corners to move up to a tie with Chicago for fourth place and a chance to make the playoffs.

**AFL.** In the East the Carolina Cougars moved within half a game of second-place Kentucky despite Leno Dargatzis' 122 points. The Colts dropped Atlanta 27-20, including a 236-yard drive by the West's first place team, Los Angeles. The Stars, now under the new ownership of Denver television executive Bill Babin, were the underdog underdog in the ABA. With a 106-105 victory over Eastern leader Indiana and a 115-122 defeat of Western leader Denver to add to their win over the Colonels, they ran their streak to an unprecedented four games.

**NFL.** East New York 27-0 Minnesota (3-3) Ed McCaffrey (2-3) Philadelphia (2-3) Greenbay (2-3) Boston (2-3) Detroit (2-1) New Orleans (2-1) Los Angeles (2-1) Pittsburgh (2-1) Miami (2-1) Cincinnati (2-1) Dallas (2-1) Washington (2-1) St. Louis (2-1) San Francisco (2-1) San Diego (1-4)

**ABA.** East Indiana (3-2) Kentucky (3-2) Carolina (2-3) New York (2-3) Philadelphia (2-3) Miami (2-1) Cincinnati (2-1) Dallas (2-1) Washington (2-1) St. Louis (2-1) San Francisco (2-1) San Diego (1-4)

**BASEBALL—THE 12-MEMBER AMERICAN LEAGUE finished second, behind 11-member Pacific. But when the Miami-Nassau race was extended into 25-4177 Foulcreek took the Nassau Cup, a 30-mile long and windward race, finishing third, but winning again on extended time to claim the championship of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference for her skipper, Ted Turner (see p. 6).**

**BOWLING—GEORGE PAPPAS** of Charlotte, N.C. repeated his second PBA victory in three weeks by beating Bob Johnson of New Orleans, 271-201, in the 34,000 Greater Buffalo Open. Earlier Pappas took first in the Major High Life Open in Milwaukee.

**BOXING—FANTASIA ISMAEL LAGUNA** repeated the world lightweight title by holding heavily in 1985, beating and cutting Marcelo Ramos of Long Beach, Calif. The fight was stopped in the ninth of a scheduled 10-round match in Los Angeles.

**Referee** Brockwell defeated JERRY QUARRY with a punch after the third round bell—and the angled quays resulted by knocking out Brockwell with a punch in the second round in a match at Miami Beach Convention Hall.

**DURLING.** Al Tataruk Jr. skipped the GRANTON IN DAKOTA CURLING CLUB to victory in the 14th annual U.S. Men's Curling Association championship at Hastings and Andros-on-Hudson in New York. The Granton club registered an 11-0 record in the meet, the only one in 12 teams to go undefeated in the round robin format.

**FIGURE SKATING.** American champion TIM WOOD of Colorado Springs, Colo. and GABRIEL WILLY of East Germany both finished the week in the world championship in Ljubljana Yugoslavia. Wood captured European champion Gordy Neryda of Czechoslovakia and Miss Barbara Adams of the United States. Scholtz of Austria, who won the silver medal, Supreme winner of the bronze medal was Julie Lynn Reimes of Littleton, Colo., while U.S. women's champion Janet Lynn finished a disappointing sixth. Russia's IRINA RODNINA and ALEXANDER ULANDOV won their second consecutive team title.

**GOLF.** Arnold Palmer scored a franchise point on the final hole of the \$100,000 Florida Citrus Invitational and finished one shot behind winner BOB LUTCHER, 271 at Orlando's Ray Park Country Club. Earlier Palmer (three strokes) a come-from-64 to take the lead after the first and third rounds.

**HOCKEY—NHL.** Boston took a triumph lead over New York in the East as the Rangers suffered

three straight defeats, were unable to hit the team this week. To add to the injury, one of the New York issues was a 2-6 victory by Detroit, the first Chicago and Detroit both won three games to remain tied this week in third place, while Montreal lost two contests and was, through 10th missing the playoffs for the first time in 22 years. In the West the Minnesota North Stars captured a 23-game unbeaten streak, six wins of 100 percent, by trouncing Toronto 9-0. They were on to register a 2-2 tie with Philadelphia and an 8-3 victory over the Maple Leafs, moving up to a tie with Oakland for fourth place.

**NHL.** East Boston (1-1) New York (2-3-2) Chicago (2-0-2) Detroit (2-0-2) Montreal (2-0-2) Philadelphia (2-1) St. Louis (2-1) Pittsburgh (2-1) Philadelphia (2-0-2) Minnesota (2-0-1) Oakland (2-0-2) Los Angeles (1-2-1)

**HORSE RACING—SEVEN-YEAR-OLD QUICKEN TREE** (1519 000) ridden by Fernando Alvarez, started dead last but rallied in the stretch to win the \$145,000 Santa Anita Woodcup by 3/4 of a length over Indible Kick. Quicken Tree is a 3-year-old horse that took the 1 1/4-mile distance.

**At Hialeah, Ray Broadwater rode MY DAD** (40000) (1519 000), owned by Raymond Santos, to a one-length victory over Gato Ole. He also won 100-100 Florida Stakes, while the 3-year-old favorite Silver Screen, finished eighth (see p. 2). The 1 1/4-mile race was won with a 1:46 1/2.

**HOTSPOTS—Australia's double JACK BRIDGEMAN**, 41 years old and three times the world diving champion, captured the new 100m 10m diving event by winning the South African Grand Prix. Bridgeman won the 200 meters in an overtime 1:17.10, and in his Brazilian final, finishing 81 seconds ahead of challenger Danny Hulse of New Zealand. American entry Maria Kadenova, the 199 Indianapolis 500 winner, was forced to retire on the 26th lap with a broken radiator.

**BRINK—DENVER UNIVERSITY** outscored Denver 306-8 to 178 to win the NCAAA ice hockey championship at Frisco, N.C. the sixth title for Denver in 10 years.

**TENNIS.** Defending champion STAN SMITH of Pasadena, Calif. returned his U.S. 14 major crown by beating Bjorn Borg of Sweden 6-3, 6-2, 7-5 in the National indoor championship in Hampton, Va.

**TRACK & FIELD—VILLANOVA'S MERRY LIGORIO** led his school to its fourth consecutive title at the HAA conference in Madison Square Garden, running the mile in 4:02. To set a new record and score his 10th straight Garden victory, he won in the mile was Kevin Colburn of Harvard, who finished fourth in 4:08 and 1,000 yards, an impressive 4:03.8, almost half seconds faster than his previous best performance. Villanova's MERRY JAMES successfully defended his mile title with a 4:10.4, while teammate ANDY O'HEILY ran the 1,600 in 2:17.1. Meanwhile, at the 10th annual Big Ten indoor championships in East Lansing, Mich., WMU's SMITH won the fourth consecutive title at two Badgers. MARK WENZEL-WIRTH and GREG JOHNSON took double victories. Wenzel won the 880 with a mile record 1:49.8 and also took first in the mile with 4:05.9, while Johnson captured the 1000 yard hurdles and the long jump. HEIK WASHNUTZ of Michigan State broke Dave Chavis' 1978 one-record 8-1 for the 50-yard dash, cutting it to six flat.

**MEMBERS ORGANIZED.** The Association of Independent Tennis Professionals, a group of 32 non-union players who hope, through their new union, to end the beginning power of the tennis professionals while maintaining the independent status necessary for Davis Cup competition. Included in the membership are Arthur Ashe, John McEnroe, Chris Grainger, Ed MacKay and Jim McManus, who was chosen the Sports America representative.

**DIED.** PAUL CHERNIN, 51, an American astronomer at the University of Missouri, died in 1985, who led the N.E.L. Chicago Cardinals to the 1961 league championship and immediately became well known as a professional football television color commentator, of a heart attack, in Lake Forest, Ill.

**DIED.** IN SHEVLY, 91, one of the first bassists drafted to be inducted into the U.S. Marine Writers' Association's Living Hall of Fame, whose long playing career was interrupted in 1955 when he became the oldest driver over to win The Hume Memorial, at Pomona, Calif.

**CREDITS**  
Cover: Bob Stene, a 1985 season, Bob Clavin, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3199, 3200, 3201, 3202, 3203, 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, 3208, 3209, 3210, 3211, 3212, 3213, 3214, 3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220, 3221, 3222, 3223, 3224, 3225, 3226, 3227, 3228, 3229, 3230, 3231, 3232, 3233, 3234, 3235, 3236, 3237, 3238, 3239, 3240, 3241, 3242, 3243, 3244, 3245, 3246, 3247, 3248, 3249, 3250, 3251, 3252, 3253, 3254, 3255, 3256, 3257, 3258, 3259, 3260, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3266, 3267, 3268, 3269, 3270, 3271, 3272, 3273, 3274, 3275, 3276, 3277, 3278, 3279, 3280, 3281, 3282, 3283, 3284, 3285, 3286, 3287, 3288, 3289, 3290, 3291, 3292, 3293, 3294, 3295, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3299, 3300, 3301, 3302, 3303, 3304, 3305, 3306, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3310, 3311, 3312, 3313, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3317, 3318, 3319, 3320, 3321, 3322, 3323, 3324, 3325, 3326, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3332, 3333, 3334, 3335, 3336, 3337, 3338, 3339, 3340, 3341, 3342, 3343, 3344, 3345, 3346, 3347, 3348, 3349, 3350, 3351, 3352, 3353, 3354, 3355, 3356, 3357, 3358, 3359, 3360, 3361, 3362, 3363, 3364, 3365, 3366, 3367, 3368, 3369, 3370, 3371, 3372, 3373, 3374, 3375, 3376, 3377, 3378, 3379, 3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486,

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## DOWNFALL (CONT.)

Sirs:

The story behind Denny McLain can be no better told than by Bill Freehan (*Neer Touch a Supersstar*, March 23). Too often a team has failed to achieve excellence because of a superstar who thought he was more important than the rest of the team.

It happened for a few years to the Chicago Black Hawks with Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita; and it is now happening to the Detroit Tigers with Denny McLain. Rare indeed are the stars who put themselves below the team so that the team as a whole can prosper. A few examples are Mackey Mantle and Roger Maris of the old New York Yankees and Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito of the Boston Bruins.

Superstars can do a lot for their teams, for their sport and for sports as a whole. But people like Denny McLain do the game no good. Never touch a superstar, my foot!

HUNTINGTON F. WILLARD  
Belmont, Mass.

Sirs:

Bill Freehan, catcher for the Detroit Tigers, has written a vivid and startling account of his 1969 season with teammate Denny McLain. Freehan points out how McLain had an extraordinary number of special privileges and many times was lucky on the mound. This could understandably make his teammates angry. It appears that some of McLain's special privileges included making bad business deals, as revealed by SL, Feb. 23 (*Downfall of a Hero*). When Freehan described how the Tigers had a "group therapy" session last Sept. 14, he stated that the Tigers wanted rules enforced and that all the players in attendance felt more mature. McLain wasn't at this meeting. I think Kuhn was right in suspending McLain. The Tigers are a better team despite losing a 20- to 30-game-winning pitcher.

PETER FROELICH

Larchmont, N.Y.

Sirs:

Regarding the Denny McLain suspension, the diary of Detroit Catcher Bill Freehan is most revealing for it shows that McLain both took and was given privileges and leeway not accorded his teammates. Admittedly, a pitcher is not subject to the same handling as are infielders and outfielders, but there are certain rules and regulations to which he should be made to adhere. So, where there was undue permissiveness, others, quite unconsciously, are also culpable to a greater or lesser extent. But all that is the negative aspect of the matter. It is the positive side and the lesson learned from it

that should be stressed. The McLain case should be used to impress upon everyone in the sports world, high and low, the imperative importance of the exercise of strict obedience to discipline, no matter what.

G.M.W. KOSKI

New York City

Sirs:

I think publishing the diary of Bill Freehan on the 1969 season and Denny McLain is really letting the people know what happened, and I say, more of it.

RANDY MARTINI

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I salute you, SL, on your view concerning Denny McLain (*SCORECARD*, Feb. 23). As an elementary school physical education teacher I know the high regard in which these professional athletes are held by the young people of America. As soon as the McLain story broke, I was questioned by many of my pupils, some of whom are definitely earmarked for positions of leadership, concerning all aspects of the affair. Trying to honestly explain the situation to a youngster who lives just to see McLain pitch was a very difficult task indeed.

Many professional sports figures do so much to mould the character of "young America," but one scandal of this magnitude can and does destroy that good. America's most valuable resource by far is its youth. Professional athletes must accept their very large share of the responsibility for its safeguard.

BILL TSCHEBART JR.

Kitchener, Ontario

Sirs:

Your article about Denny McLain in your March 2 issue was great, and Bill Freehan stated it like a pro. I was especially interested to learn about all the times McLain left the ball park after Manager Smith pulled him out of the game and went to fly his plane. (I smiled when I read that McLain was late for the All-Star Game because he had a dentist's appointment and Mel Stottlemyre started.) If I were Manager Smith, McLain would have been fined \$100,000. I'm 11 years old, but I know a good article when I read one. Oh yeah, tell Bill Freehan thanks for writing the truth. It's about time.

RICHARD SILVERMAN

Yonkers, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your addendum on the McLain affair (*SCORECARD*, March 2) is a wonderful job of scapegoating. Certainly McLain erred,

and certainly no blame attaches to Kuhn or the investigators. However, they are not the only ones involved in this affair.

In the Feb. 23 issue, which detailed McLain's 1967 involvement with bookmakers, the lead *SCORECARD* item expressed regret but stated that to cover up improper behavior hurts rather than helps sports. Now you give the impression that, with the suspension of McLain, the matter is cleared up and baseball's honor restored. But McLain is not the only one whose behavior is open to question.

What about the reports that the commissioner's office had received a report on McLain several years ago but did nothing? (This is not to blame Kuhn, who was not the commissioner then.) And what about the Tiger front office, which, it has been suggested, gave what amounted to tacit approval of McLain's activities?

Baseball cannot just shove McLain aside and, thereby, win back respect and approval. The sympathy for McLain, which you seem to deplore, is not primarily over his suspension, but over the fact that it was necessary. If baseball had expressed its concern three years ago by helping a young man deal with the sudden wealth it provided, all this may never have happened. Maybe under Kuhn's leadership things will change so that wayward actions by young players will be discovered and corrected before they become life-and-career-threatening scandals. Then baseball will be worthy of the respect you wish for it.

DENNIS R. SCOVILLE

Roseville, Mich.

Sirs:

It is not only regrettable but unbelievable that the commissioner of baseball has just recently hired one man to investigate situations like the Denny McLain affair. This "security" division of the commissioner's office is now to be reinforced with additional personnel in every major league city. However, this was announced only after *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* displayed incriminating information about McLain.

I wasn't even born in 1919, but I am well aware of the incidents of that year that almost destroyed baseball. Have Commissioners Landis, Chandler, Frick, Eckert and Kuhn left their heads buried in the sand for 51 years? Incredible!

RAY H. WIDOWFIELD

Santa Rosa, Calif.

MINI TO MAI

Sirs:

One need not be a player held over from past regimes to know what Emile Frances



has done for the New York Rangers (*Flasher Blinder for a Man-unserved*, March 2). It is necessary only to be a fan of as few as 10 years and to have paid to watch those twice-a-week encounters with the rest of the NHL to see that the Rangers have come a long, long way indeed since Mr. Frances appeared on the scene.

Only the conviction that hockey is the world's greatest sport, played by larger-than-life people, keeps us returning week after week. And it has all been worth it.

To the loyal Ranger fans (most of whom do not throw garbage at anybody), Vince Lombardi is not the only man who should be on the lookout for speedboats when he takes his morning walk.

AUDREY D. RYAN

Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.

Sirs:

I hope Gary Ronberg does not vote for hockey's rookie of the year. Mr. Ronberg seems to think New York has the only rookie in the league who is good enough to win it. Perhaps he should watch the Rangers when they play the Chicago Black Hawks, and especially the Hawks' goalie, Tony Esposito. Esposito has 11 shutouts, two short of the modern record, and is hauling Eddie Giacomin for the Vezina Trophy. Sure Faubert has had a good year, but in order to outshine Esposito he would have to score 40 goals.

New York has already won one award it shouldn't have, Baseball's Comeback of the Year in the National League and, with writers like Ronberg, it will win another one.

RICHARD CAMPBELL

Chicago Heights, Ill.

Sirs:

As a transplanted New York Ranger fan, I thoroughly enjoyed Gary Ronberg's well-researched article. However, since the March 2 edition of *SI* arrived in my mailbox, the "rampage" appears to be headed in the wrong direction. After being badly battered by the Bruins, led by the on-again, off-again Wings and finally bloodied by the Black Hawks, it's time for the spurned mini-mastermind to get his Broadway Blues back on the winning track.

RICHARD D. SCHWAB

Palatine, Ill.

#### SIDELINE ATHLETES

Sirs:

Your article on Marty Liquori (*A Monkey Rules the Easy Runner*, March 2) was more than just interesting and enlightening. It really discussed the presence of a growing problem in American athletics. How much of a value do we place on winning? That cherished American social value of competition has, I'm sure, made as many runners as it has broken them. It's a shame

that people must always be forgetful of the fact that a runner is still a human being and not a machine. When Jim Ryan became a champion, the pressure started. A member of the U.S. Olympic Committee actually told Ryan that he had let down his country by winning only a silver medal in the Mexico Olympics. Where do we draw the line and stop expecting our runners to grow wings?

In any event, the article on Liquori said what really needed to be said. It will, hopefully, make more athletic enthusiasts mindful of what it takes to be a championship athlete. Maybe we should keep in mind that we're only watching the race, not running it. It's easy to yell from the stands with a hot dog in one hand and soda in the other. It's another thing to run 70 miles a week.

BOB STEWART

New Brunswick, N.J.

#### SKIRMISHES

Sirs:

Contrary to the opinions of Curry Kirkpatrick, the players, coaches and fans of the Atlantic Coast Conference are not trained in guerrilla-warfare tactics prior to the basketball season (*One More War in G.O.*, March 2). Between blows (which aren't as numerous or as intense as Mr. Kirkpatrick envisions) there is a great deal of superb basketball talent exhibited in the ACC—besides the "nicely groomed, attractively Irish and decidedly Catholic" boys who play for South Carolina. I hope in the future Mr. Kirkpatrick might drop his latent desire to become a war correspondent and instead assume the position of sportswriter.

GREGG WARD

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sirs:

It was a great disappointment to note that your only mention of Duke was an account of some off-court activities at the Duke-South Carolina game. We would like to take this opportunity to set the record straight.

During the second half of that game John Ribick stopped a Duke fast break with a cross-body block for perhaps it was a flying tackle) of which Vince Lombardi would be proud, throwing Rick Katherman into the goal support in the process. During the time-out that followed (to care for the injured Katherman), Coach McGuire took serious offense at the cries of "bush league" that greeted him and his team. As McGuire's guiding hand pointed out the more vociferous offenders, Riker and Roche threw water on the Duke fans, after which a Duke spectator retaliated by spitting on McGuire.

We are in no way trying to justify the fact that McGuire was spat upon; that action was indefensible. However, it was Mc-

continued



## STRENGTH IN 77 SECONDS

That's all it takes to help build powerful muscles, trim body

No strenuous exercises. No elaborate gym equipment. No lengthy tedious workouts. You don't need extra space or energy to multiply your strength. In 77 seconds, your shoulders increase your lung capacity to trim your waistline. To develop vigor, use the same method of isometric isometric contraction that trained the German Olympic Team and other world famous athletes can help YOU build a powerful physique. Yes, even if you are 30, 50 years old or more. Unlike ordinary isometric contraction devices, the TENSOLATOR™ combines both isometric and isometric benefits in a series of quick 7 second exercises that you do once a day in your own room—less than 2 minutes in all! Muscles grow stronger. Shoulders broaden. Chest expands. Waist tapers down—and you feel like a new man. Fast! We guarantee impressive results in 10 days or your money back without question. Send for the big brochure that shows, step-by-step illustrations of the Tensolator Method. Enclose this ad with your name and address, and \$2c to cover postage and handling to:

TENSOLATOR CORPORATION Dept. SO 118

508 East Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

When you give the United Way you give to



United Service Organizations

# LOVE TOGETHER!

BINACA<sup>®</sup> IS IN...  
BAD BREATH IS OUT.



VERY PORTABLE. VERY POWERFUL.



## The only Golf resort like Silverado IS Silverado

Many distinctive features include:

- Two Robert Trent Jones golf courses — both sanctioned by the Professional Golfers Association.
- A tennis complex that boasts 8 championship courts, spectator stands, complete pro shop and professional instruction.
- 4 swimming pools. Easy access to the famed sights of the Napa Valley wine country.
- Beautiful modern guest cottages, conveniently close to the historical Old Mansion that is Silverado's personality.

• Outstanding food and service.

Write for brochures and Special Golf Holiday Plan to: W. F. LINDBORG



### SILVERADO

1600 Atlas Peak Rd., Napa, California  
 Just 45 Freeway minutes from San Francisco  
 Phone: (707) 255-2570

*Fred Harvey*

A subsidiary of AMFAC INC.,  
 Los Angeles (213) 627-8008



**New! Lively, long-lived Bancroft/Tretorn in high-visibility yellow!**

*(entire year tennis ball costs 70%)*

The incredible Swedish tennis ball is now a blond — in a fluorescent shade scientifically proven\* easier to see — especially under artificial light. It's a hit everywhere it's being used! Same super long-wear cover, same patented pressureless construction, same consistent, lively bounce — it plays at its best on and on and on, saving the cost and bother of continual replacements. Sold at leading sports shops nationwide. Also available in white. Win your next few dozen sets with one! Bancroft Sporting Goods Company, Pawtucket, Rhode Island

\*1980 color research report on tennis balls, Technical University, Braunschweig, Germany

**DON'T GET LOST!**  
**GET AN AIRWAY COMPASS**  
 and never get lost again  
 you're going without seeing this... **airway** **compass**  
 size: 4 inches x 2 1/2 inches x 1/2 inch  
**AIRWAY COMPASS, Mexico, Indiana 46555**

**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**  
**SOCKS IT TO YOU**

**EAT & DRINK, SWIM, RIDE, PARK, PLAY, LAUGH, SING, KISS, FIGHT, MAKE UP, LOVE, FLIRT, HUG, DANCE, CELEBRATE, DO EVERYTHING... TOGETHER!**

**BINACA<sup>®</sup> IS IN... BAD BREATH IS OUT.**

**VERY PORTABLE. VERY POWERFUL.**

## 19TH HOLE *continued*

Guire who initiated the exchange—not the other way around, as reported in SI.

It seems very unfortunate that the most talented basketball team in the ACC should take such great pride, as Tom Riker reports, in their ability to manhandle others without being touched. Until McGuire coaches his team that elboping, elbowing and getting in good cracks on loose balls and layups is not considered very sportsmanlike in the ACC, perhaps he had better stop wearing those 5300 suits. He might get them snugged on some North Carolina barbed wire.

J. JEFFREY BROWN	TEDD H. JUTT
STEVEN WAGNER	JAMES R. COCHIBAN
JOE ROSENTHAL	JOHN C. BIAEL
MARK PERMAN	ED OHMS
MILCO C. BROWN	TOM MICKLE

Durham, N.C.

Sirs:

We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. Kirkpatrick on his fine article about the South Carolina Gamecocks and the strongest basketball conference in the nation, the ACC. John Roche, one of the country's finest players, his talented teammates and Frank McGuire are long overdue for national publicity. We must find fault, however, with Charlie Scott's accusations that he deserved the player of the year award in the ACC last season. Scott also claims that Roche's success is due in part to his teammates. This may be a fact, but Scott fails to realize that the Gamecocks work together as a team, which has resulted in two victories over Scott's North Carolina Tar Heels this season.

BRIS NETTLES  
 JOHN STRICKLAND  
 Erskine College

Durham, N.C.

Sirs:

Thank you for the fine tribute paid to the Atlantic Coast Conference. As a native North Carolinian and a graduate of North Carolina State, I feel as though I have constantly witnessed the finest basketball in the nation for many years.

My only regret concerning the article was the fact that no mention was made of the late Everett Case, the longtime coach at N.C. State, who must be given credit for starting the conference on the road to greatness. The Old Grey Fox forced the beginning of intense recruiting programs at the other ACC schools and, more than any other man, initiated the development of great basketball in the South.

WILLIAM HUNTER

Easton, N.J.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg.,  
 Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

## The 100 Pipers Legend.

Our legend claims  
If you sip a perfect Scotch  
you'll hear 100 pipers play.

That's a lot of Pipers.  
But then 100 Pipers  
is a lot of Scotch.

100 Pipers Scotch.  
From Seagram, Scotland.

© 1984 Seagram. Imported by Seagram, New York, N.Y.



Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—  
you get a lot to like.

